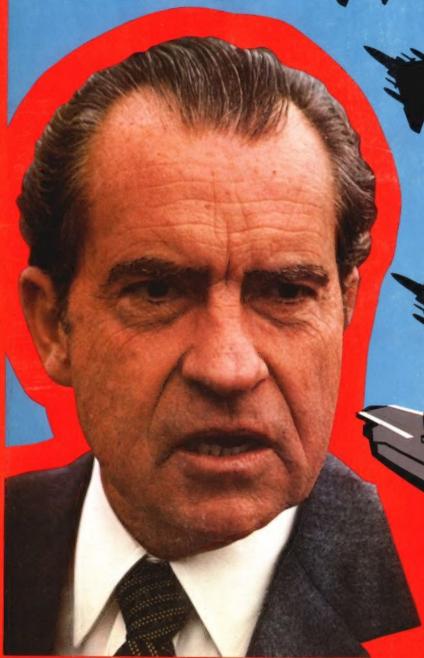


FIFTY CENTS

MAY 1, 1972

NIXON AT WAR

TIME





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THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO



DAVID DeVOSS

STANLEY CLOUD

RUDOLPH RAUCH

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

SAIAGON Correspondent Rudolph Rauch had finished a letter home complaining about the lack of news. Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud, on vacation, had just arrived in Singapore en route to Bali. That was three weeks ago. Suddenly North Vietnamese troops poured south, U.S. bombers began flying north, and there was an indefinite moratorium on letter writing and vacations. Cloud, Rauch and Correspondent David DeVoss were spending long, hazardous days filing for two cover stories within three weeks. The report in this issue's Nation section includes articles on the Nixon Administration's policy making and the domestic and diplomatic implications of it, as well as the ground, sea and air combat.

While Cloud in Saigon followed the military situation throughout Viet Nam, Rauch headed upcountry to I Corps, where the fighting had begun. "It has been a jumble of airfields and highways," Rauch reports, "on which you wait while a gentle rain of JP-4 or diesel fuel sifts endlessly down, and you are told there are no flights anywhere or the road is closed." Once he had to hitch a ride on a Vietnamese air force plane evacuating wounded marines from Phu Bai. Despite these difficulties, Rauch managed three trips into Hue and a visit to Danang to interview U.S. pilots returning from their combat missions.

DeVoss, a Saigon correspondent for just three months, received a baptism by 122-mm. rocket fire when he was caught in a barrage outside ARVN headquarters in Chon Thanh. He covered the air war the hard way—as a passenger aboard an A-37 on a 90-minute dive-bombing mission over An Xuyen province. "It was Cinemas and Coney Island wrapped into one as we hurtled toward the earth at 300 m.p.h., then, glued to the seat, soared skyward," says DeVoss. The Air Force had thoughtfully lent him a pistol, knife, rope, radio, parachute and other survival items. "The high point of the day was being able to give the two air-sick bags back to the supply sergeant, unused."

Tokyo Bureau Chief Herman Nickel, meanwhile, went to Guam to interview B-52 crews who have been raiding North Viet Nam. Vietnamization may have relieved American infantrymen of the heaviest fighting, but the war is now as grueling and dangerous as ever for flyers, sailors—and newsmen.

TIME

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The results have been very good indeed. Putting emphasis on the individual—and especially the entrepreneurial

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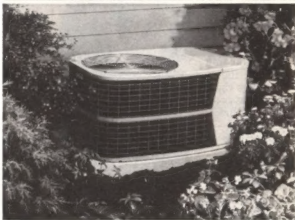
The Round One now has a new solid state control package that constantly monitors every critical circuit. If it senses any problem, it instantly responds to guard against possible damage.

On the other hand, there's the Compact. It doesn't have all the Round One's features—yet it cools every bit as well. And a unique computer-designed fan assembly keeps it just about as quiet. For the money, no other unit delivers more value.

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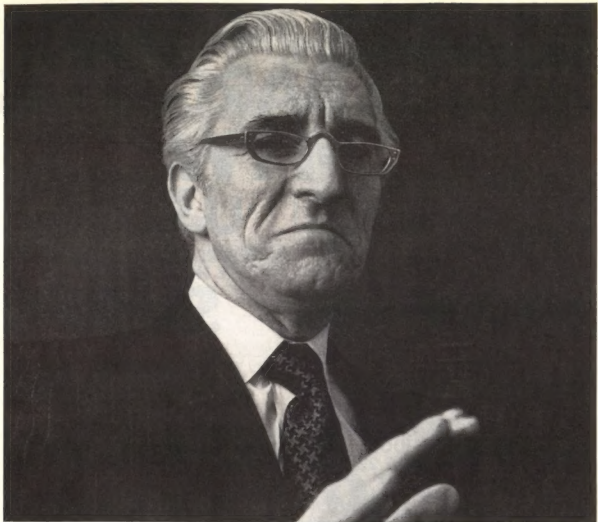
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LETTERS

The Bond That Unites

Sir / The bond that unites Jews is not all that mystical and metaphysical [April 10]. It stems from two basic lessons learned over the past 2,000 years: 1) persecution of the Jews has been constant, and while it has been dormant at times, it breaks out in the most unlikely places and at the most unlikely times, and 2) the world has become inured to it and reacts at best with indifference and at worst with approval.

These lessons have resulted in a concern for other Jews, wherever they may be. It carries over into fields that are not uniquely Jewish, and you will find a disproportionate number of Jews involved in all causes that fight injustice.

I am a survivor of Dachau. I am a good American. I love this country. But I intend to speak out for my Jewish brothers throughout the world, because if I don't no one else will, and because I may need this kind of help myself one day.

SI FRUMKIN
Vice Chairman
Union of Councils for Soviet Jews
Los Angeles

Sir / Your article gave some very comforting statistics showing how Jews have made it financially in this country. How about some other statistics? Would you believe that Jews form the third largest poverty group in New York City, right after blacks and Puerto Ricans? Would you believe that there are some 300,000 Jews in New York City and approximately 900,000 nationwide who subsist at incomes below or near the federal poverty index? In fact I submit that the poor Jew's lot is worse than anyone else's, for "No one is poorer than the poor who is deemed to be rich."

S. ELLY ROSEN
Executive Director
Association of Jewish
Anti-Poverty Workers
New York City

Sir / Jewish identity may be great sport for you to try to pin down, but for those of us who take it seriously, living it is the only way to define it—and that takes a lifetime.

MRS. HAROLD HERZ
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir / I can say what it means to be a Jew in fewer words. It means to be sometimes frightened, sometimes a victim of prejudice.

But more, it means to be basically warm, loving, determined, tolerant, and involved. In other words, to be a *mensh*, a person.

ZEE DANNING
Tarzana, Calif.

Sir / Tell a Jew a joke and he says: "Let me tell it my way, it's better."

Your way of profiling the Jews was fine. Another way would have been to indicate what all sensitive Jews, regardless of their diversity, have in common: the belief that life should be more ethical and the imperative to release the moral teachings of their faith for the edification of society as a whole.

RABBI SAMUEL M. SILVER
Stamford, Conn.

Sir / Rabbi Alvin Reines' concept of "polydoxy" sounds very modern—you might call it "doing your own thing." But he fails to look at what our greatest teacher, history, has shown us. For thousands of years, there have been many movements and forces which did not conform to Torah standards. Yet only one factor has united Jews through the dark centuries of the exile in every corner of the world—a belief in Torah. Anyone who left the Torah fold was inevitably swallowed up by a Jew's eternal en-

emy, assimilation. Rabbi Reines may want to do his own thing and still consider it Judaism, but will his grandchildren?

SHERWIN ISENBERG
Los Angeles

Beefing

Sir / Please! Tell the whole story about beef prices [April 10]. American-raised beef is one of the housewives' biggest bargains. If we turned all prices back 20 years, do you know what we ranchers would then receive for our beef on the hoof? Exactly what we do now. Do you really believe that we can pay our taxes, hire labor, buy machinery, fencing supplies, repairs or anything else for the same prices we paid 20 years ago? How do we stay in business? We borrow a little more, we have our eleven-year-old son work full time in the hayfield, we work from daylight till dark—and now, during calving, part of the night, too.

Boycott meat or import it—either way, when American beef producers are bankrupt, the inferior imported beef will have the housewife crying louder than she is now.

(MRS.) FLORENCE GARNER
Brownlee, Neb.

Sir / Let's put the blame for high food prices where it rightfully belongs—on the modern American housewife.

She expects the best cuts of meat defatted, deboned, rolled and tied up. She buys her potatoes dried, flaked, precooked, double-baked in foil shells, French fried, hash browned or au gratin. Vegetables must be fresh, in or out of season, or frozen in boilable plastic pouches with butter, cream or hollandaise sauce.

If the modern American housewife expects groceries to cost what her grandmother paid, she should be willing to shop, cook and eat like her grandmother.

ANDREW J. SCHUESSLER
Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

Sir / Esther Peterson "appeals" to the consumer to pass up high-priced meats in favor of fish, fowl and eggs. I have been boycotting high-priced items for months now, not by choice, but out of necessity—and to no avail. The choice of foods I can afford is becoming increasingly limited. Maybe by the time I start comparing food labels for nutritional content, the Government will have started really doing something about this deplorable situation.

SUSAN MORITZ MACFADDEN
Boulder, Colo.

Sir / What do you mean "Let Them Eat Fish!" I wish I could afford fresh fish—at \$1.79 a pound. I think cake would be cheaper.

ALICE CASARIAN
Everett, Mass.

Donations

Sir / After reading your eye-opening purse-closing article about Boys Town [April 10], I felt a little cheated. I wondered how many people like myself on Social Security have given freely from the heart the \$1 or \$2 to help a less fortunate boy. And now to read about the total worth of Boys Town is like learning that there's no Santa Claus. Maybe those of us on pensions should send a letter to Boys Town asking them for a donation on our behalf.

(MRS.) RUTH E. WATSON
Coventry, R.I.

Sir / My father, all my uncles and two of my brothers have gone to Boys Town, and we consider Boys Town to be an uncommon experience for troubled boys. Boys Town is neither

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serves lamb."



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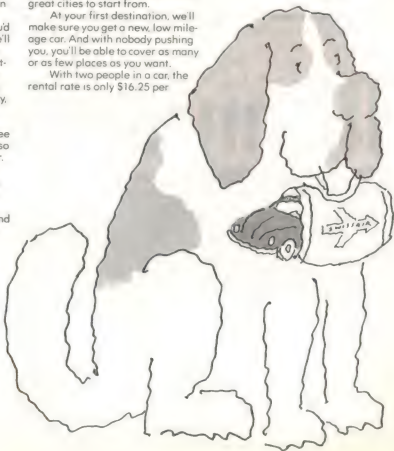
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Minnesota

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FACTS IN 48 HOURS

STATE OF MINNESOTA Dept. of Economic Development
Industrial Development Division, Suite 179
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All inquiries held in strict confidence

It's good to be in Minnesota

LETTERS

an "industrial corporation" nor a perpetual "endowment fund." The land is used to raise agricultural products to sustain the city of Boys Town and to provide a vacation area for hundreds of troubled youths.

I'm certain the \$17 million income will be spent altruistically as it has been for the past 55 years!

JOHN D. WATSON
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.
Anaheim, Calif.

Sir / After reading your story about Boys Town and its high finances, it became obvious that the photo had the wrong caption. Surely it should have been, "He ain't heavy, Father. He's my brother."

J.R. VIATOR
Conway, Mass.

Conglomerate of Troglodytes?

Sir / The picture of the Rev. Philip Berrigan in shackles [April 10] as if he were a seasoned, dangerous criminal is most shocking to the Roman Catholic world.

Yours may be the richest and most advanced country in the world, but it seems you are also the cruelest and most unethical to judge by these things. Looking at a picture like this, one can't help believing that we are still a conglomerate of troglodytes that have not yet emerged from the cave man's age.

VICENTE URIBE-RESTrepo
Cali, Colombia

Heavenly State

Sir / My thanks for that fine article on my Montana [April 10]. Clergymen of all faiths in Montana tell me that they have long since ceased urging Montanans to work and pray their way toward heaven, as all Montanans have found heaven in Montana. Personally, I have yet to hear a single Montanan express any de-

MOVIE?

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sire to leave Montana for heaven—or anyplace else for that matter.

TIME's Bible readers, of course, must know that of all the states only the name Montana appears in the Bible. That is, if one is reading the Old Latin Vulgate Bible—in Latin. But then, what TIME reader does not read Latin?

WILLARD E. FRASER
Mayor
Billings, Mont.

Chaplin's Return

Sir / All else remaining unchanged, if Charlie Chaplin [April 10] had flirted with fascism over the years, not a single goddam American liberal would be singing his praises today as a great artist and genius.

WILLIAM G. ROSE
Rocky River, Ohio

Sir / If God, whom I don't believe in, granted me one wish before I died, it would be that Chaplin be allowed to live forever.

Jealousy has directed the sayings and deeds of all who were against him. The envy and greed that governed his defamers showed their ineptitude and paranoia.

JACK VOHON
Woodland Hills, Calif.

A Little Farther

Sir / According to your story "The Brothers and Angela" [April 10], "[George] Jackson spent ten years in prison for a \$70 robbery." True enough, as far as it goes. But you failed to point out that Jackson was convicted of armed robbery (a serious offense regardless of the amount stolen), he was a three-time loser, he was not given a ten-year sentence but an indeterminate sentence that made him eligible

for parole after a year, and he was denied parole for the rest of his behavior while in prison.

ROBERT H. KANTOR
Palo Alto, Calif.

Cold Turkey

Sir / The information that "the problem [of television] is that of addiction" [April 10] is not new. I used to shoot up on horse opera and keep a stash of TV dinners, but since my connection began dealing bad reds and yellows, I have learned to prefer cold turkey to Swanson's frozen.

Legalize reading!
JOHN FORTHER
Northampton, Mass.

Sir / We are a family who has been without the "tube" for almost four years. Because we never measured our activities pre-TV (wife beating, orgasms, masturbating, etc.), we had no standards to measure our post-TV activities by. However, we do get to bed earlier. We have found that the assets of life without the tube have outweighed the liabilities. We all participate in life really rather than vicariously.

MRS. WILLIAM P. KOPISH
Marmette, Wis.

Fake Term Papers

Sir / Re term-paper mills [March 27]: we wonder who should cast the first stone. Trusting students often discover to their dismay that the laboriously researched results of their term papers, seminar reports and theses may later turn up in the publications of their teachers, without as much as a footnote mention of where the material was obtained.

A graduate student often undertakes a portion of his prof's research. This may be pub-

lished by the faculty member with no recognition of grad-student contributions.

Perhaps the ultimate irony is that occasional fake paper submitted to a free-enterprising faculty member who goes on to publish it as his own.

BILL TEMPLER
Athens, Ohio

Spring Cleaning

Sir / Could you not spare Jack Anderson [April 3] for a while and send him over to Switzerland? I am sure he would love it here! A little spring cleaning may do wonders.

IGNAZ STAUB
Zug, Switzerland

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Proportions of War

The killing on both sides—on all sides—has gone on for years. Last week, by U.S. estimate, the total count of the military dead in Viet Nam since 1961 passed 1,000,000—45,703 Americans, 159,839 South Vietnamese, 4,875 other allied troops and 810,757 Communists. Yet still the war does not end, does not even show signs of ending.

Last week, as U.S. bombers pounded the North again and the North Vietnamese pressed their invasion, there was an anguished moment of recognition: No matter what the President had promised three years before, no matter how many U.S. troops had been withdrawn, the war was as bloody as ever.

In the awful numerology of body counts, the lives the U.S. was now saving were being given up by South Vietnamese, whose army now bears the suffering of the fighting on the ground.

In the Senate, Minnesota's Walter Mondale said softly: "Coming into this chamber this morning to talk about the war in Indochina, I felt a deeply depressing sense of reliving all over again tragedies of the past which should be far behind us. We have been through so many springtimes of slaughter and folly and deception . . . Now in the spring of 1972, it is happening again."

War is of course always murderous. The Administration has its rationale for sending the bombers north again in reply to Hanoi's invasion. "The North Vietnamese," said Secretary of State William Rogers, "are the culprits in this." Yes, but in a larger sense of proportion, any fit and rational relationship

between the death and suffering inflicted and the gains to be made, seems irretrievably lost. Viet Nam has long since reached the point that no future—win, lose or stalemate—can redeem the present. As W.B. Yeats once asked: "What was left for massacre to save?"

Black of the Month

Previous winners of the "Black Man of the Month Award" have been Chicago Bears Running Back Gale Sayers and Comedian Dick Gregory. The award, presented by Holy Angels' parish in a black area of Chicago's South Side, honors outstanding contributions to the race. The current Black Man of the Month: George O'Hare, a Sears, Roebuck executive who was awarded the plaque for his work with the late Martin Luther King Jr. in Chicago and his efforts to improve education and other conditions in the city's ghettos. The fact that O'Hare is white did not trouble the parish. Said Pastor George Clements: "Blackness is a way of life, not merely skin color."

Unclean! Unclean!

For thousands of years, shepherds have attached bells to the lead sheep to keep the flock from straying. In medieval times, lepers were required to wear bells and cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" as they roamed the streets. Now a Utah sociologist has suggested that the same primitive notion be applied to prison parolees.

In an excess of reform inspiration, Professor Gerald Smith of the University of Utah suggested that parolees have an electronic beeper surgically im-

planted in them so that their movements can be monitored 24 hours a day. Smith was quick to add that the installation of the device would be voluntary, and implied that the prisoner who volunteers might be granted a reduction of sentence. His rationale was that the tagging would somehow reduce the rate of recidivism and make parolees more likely to go straight.

Surveillance of a parolee is a fundamental penal concept, but it is questionable whether the implantation of a 1984 device would help keep a 1972 ex-prisoner under control.

Dirty Harry

South Carolinian Harry Dent is an old-fashioned back room political operative, a presidential counselor and one of the Nixon Administration's liaison men with the South. At a meeting with a group of regional newsmen whom he took to be good old Southern boys, Dent observed that the President's plan to review all court-ordered busing might lead to the elimination of most Southern busing plans to achieve racial balance in schools. When asked how the blacks on Nixon's staff would react to that kind of a civil rights retreat, Dent joked, "Oh, we got a boat for them that's leaving for Nigeria."

Ling² and Hsing²

The People's Republic of China clearly won a battle of images in its first exchange of permanent representatives with the U.S. Installed in the Peking zoo were Milton and Matilda, two weebegone musk oxen that arrived with scraggly coats and postnasal drip brought on by the climate change and general cultural shock. Last week, the Chinese part of the exchange, the giant pandas Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing (pronounced Shing-Shing), took up residence at the National Zoological Park in Washington, where they were welcomed by Pat Nixon. Still too young to mate, they will live in separate air-conditioned suites, each with a 1,000-sq. ft. living room furnished with bamboo trees and plate-glass picture windows and each with a private den to escape from tourists.

Blood Act

Some kind of good-works-and-ghastly-titles award should be presented to Senator Edward Kennedy for his bill recently passed by the Senate. He calls it the "National Heart, Blood Vessel, Lung, and Blood Act of 1972."

PAT NIXON AND CHINESE OFFICIAL VIEW LING-LING IN HER NEW HOME





VIEW FROM THE COCKPIT OF U.S. A-37 FIGHTER-BOMBER ON ROCKET AND BOMBING MISSION OVER AN LOC

THE WAR/COVER STORY

The President Battles on Three Fronts

ALL along, President Nixon and his advisers knew that a crucial time of testing for the Administration's Viet Nam policy had to come. With geometric inevitability, the descending curve that describes the withdrawal of U.S. ground combat forces would have to intersect the curve that plots rising South Vietnamese responsibility for the war. At that juncture, Hanoi would surely test the American resolve, Nixon's own commitment to his policy, and the staying power of the South Vietnamese. Four weeks ago, that testing point arrived with brutal bluntness when a carefully orchestrated force of North Vietnamese soldiers, well backed by tanks, artillery, anti-aircraft guns and supplies, burst across the DMZ and the Cambodian border into South Viet Nam. There had been nothing like it in the war, not even the Tet offensive of 1968.

Dramatic Answer. In response the President played his last card—but it was a powerful one. Early last week, for the first time in four years, American bombs fell in the area of the North Vietnamese capital and the key port of Haiphong. The Administration assembled the strongest air and sea armada in Indochina since the war last peaked in 1968. More than 150 fresh planes were rushed to the theater from bases as far away as North Carolina; the B-52 fleet has been nearly doubled since the North Vietnamese offensive began. When *Midway* and *Saratoga* join the four aircraft carriers now on station off North Viet Nam, the U.S. and the South Vietnamese will have 150 ships and

over 1,000 aircraft, equipped with some of the most sophisticated weaponry in the history of warfare to use against a North Vietnamese force of 110,000 to 130,000 men.

It was a dramatic answer to the enemy, a riposte full of hazards for the President on three fronts. In Viet Nam, militarily, it was the first real test of the Nixon Doctrine that the U.S. will support its Asian allies if they provide most of the manpower for their own defense. Second, Nixon was vulnerable to a Soviet response that might end his cherished plan for a Moscow summit in May: the U.S.S.R. has provided the matériel for Hanoi's offensive, and there were Russian ships in Haiphong harbor during the American attack. And third, on the home front, Nixon risked alienating all over again the large numbers of Americans who were baffled, vexed or outraged by his last dramatic initiative in behalf of Vietnamization—the incursion into Cambodia two years ago. Another Cambodia, another Kent State, and his re-election could be in doubt.

The first seven days that followed Nixon's unleashing of the huge B-52s and the smaller, faster fighter-bombers provided no decisive answers for the President. Neither the Nixon Doctrine nor the South Vietnamese army has failed—yet. U.S. airpower has not turned back the North Vietnamese—yet. If it had prevented an almost certain rout of ARVN, the issue on the battlefields was still in doubt (see story on page 16). A 20,000-man ARVN force led

by President Nguyen Van Thieu's personal elite guard, dispatched to relieve An Loc, abandoned the effort 15 miles short of its goal on Highway 13. Late last week, in an astonishing go-for-broke gamble, the last uncommitted North Vietnamese division began moving south toward the DMZ to join two others battling for control of South Viet Nam's two northernmost provinces.

Piercing Eyes. Within hours after the magnitude of the first North Vietnamese invasion thrusts became clear, Nixon began to search for the best response. Less than a week after the invasion began, he ordered the Washington Special Action Group—representatives of the CIA and the State and Defense departments, chaired by National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger—to study the feasibility of bombing Hanoi and Haiphong and of a naval blockade of North Vietnamese ports. The purely military answer was clear enough: both could be done, and both would be useful.

For the next week, Nixon mulled over the WSAG analysis. He kept his counsel, but he was visibly angry. "The President was showing the cold fury which only makes him more determined," said a top-level man at State. "You could see the jaw harden, the eyes narrow and become more piercing." Another senior official put it less elegantly. Said he: "You could tell the old man had made up his mind he won't be screwed."

There were repeated meetings with Kissinger, Secretaries William Rogers

THE NATION

of State and Melvin Laird of Defense, CIA Chief Richard Helms and Admiral Thomas Moorer. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Ex-Congressman Laird was concerned about the bombing for fear of political reaction at home: Rogers and Kissinger were scarcely more enthusiastic, though evidently less concerned about what might happen politically. Finally the President made up his mind. Top-secret instructions were sent in code via satellite to the B-52 bases and to the Seventh Fleet. Next day he sent the order to raid Hanoi and Haiphong. Within a few hours, the B-52s lifted off the long runways and the Phantoms catapulted from carrier decks in the Tonkin Gulf.

Partly Political. Says a ranking Administration official: "It was not a portentous, cataclysmic one-shot decision. We consider it a tactical decision." The bombing, he adds, was "partly political, partly military": "We are trying to compress the amount of time the North Vietnamese have to decide on whether the offensive is worth continuing and whether they have the means to continue it." The White House military argument is that bombing supply depots and petroleum stores in northern North Viet Nam now will hurt the enemy in the front lines six to eight weeks hence. However, experts in South Viet Nam think that the North Vietnamese have enough supplies already in place to last out the year at least.

One senior official estimates that the Hanoi-Haiphong raids destroyed 30% of North Viet Nam's fuel supplies, more vital to them than ever before in the war because of the mechanized nature of their new onslaughts. Beyond that purely military achievement, the President had two other goals in mind:

► He wants to reach a settlement with the Vietnamese before Election Day. The raids were designed to show Hanoi that Nixon is not powerless, though his options may be limited. For the moment, however, the Administration refuses to treat with Hanoi's negotiators in Paris until the offensive is called off. The North Vietnamese mission at first demanded that the Americans end the bombing and return to the conference table. The Americans refused. Under the supposed "understanding" of 1968, U.S. bombing would stop if—among other things—North Viet Nam agreed not to violate the DMZ and not to infiltrate its forces into South Viet Nam. Hanoi's chief negotiator, Xuan Thuy, released the North Vietnamese version of the talks that led up to the bombing halt. In effect, he said that there were no "understandings" and that the U.S. agreement to stop bombing was unconditional. But at the same time Hanoi made a concession: it was willing to resume the talks even while the bombing continued. The U.S. is not, until the offensive stops.

► Nixon wants to go to Moscow in a position of strength. Nixon gambled that the Soviet Union would not call

off his summit visit, even if Russian ships were damaged in the Haiphong raid. The Russians want to counter the new U.S. rapprochement with China and to talk about so many things beyond Viet Nam that they would react to the bombings cautiously. He was right. The present Soviet leaders—Leonid Brezhnev, Aleksei Kosygin and Nikolai Podgorny—were in power in 1968, when the Russians insisted that there could be no summit meeting with

Republican Hugh Scott, who are on a three-week tour of the People's Republic. The Chinese are unhappy with Hanoi for switching prematurely to a large-unit campaign against their advice, instead of building up the Communist political infrastructure in South Viet Nam. The Sino-Soviet rivalry is also a factor in Peking's tepid backing of Hanoi. North Viet Nam's tanks, artillery and anti-aircraft weapons come from the Russians; if Hanoi wins its bat-



SECRETARY ROGERS TESTIFYING (FOREGROUND); SENATOR FULBRIGHT

Lyndon Johnson until the U.S. stopped bombing the North. But so far the Soviet response has been mild. As the B-52s were bombing North Viet Nam, Brezhnev received, within hours of each other, U.S. Agriculture Secretary Earl Buttz and Hanoi's ambassador to Moscow. As Moscow factory workers were being marshaled for "Viet Nam, We Are With You" rallies, other workers were sent out on the Potemkin-village mission of cleaning up or tearing down eyesore buildings on Nixon's Moscow route. As the foreign ministry ground out a protest against the damage it claimed had been done to Soviet shipping in Haiphong, a 24-man American party under Brigadier General Brent Scowcroft arrived to arrange logistics, security and press and communications facilities for the presidential visit. The U.S. replied to the Soviet note with a tough, unequivocal note.

For reasons of its own, Peking also reacted with restraint to the news that Hanoi and Haiphong had been bombed. The North Vietnamese practically wrung a measured, *pro forma* statement out of Premier Chou En-fai, who noted simply that "escalation failed in the past and will continue to fail" because it makes "the entire Vietnamese people unite ever more closely in their fight." The Chinese want nothing to interfere with the opening of relations with the U.S. A few days later, Chou was all graciousness as he received the Senate's leaders, Democrat Mike Mansfield and

titles using them, it will be a blow to the Maoist doctrine of "people's war" and a boost for Soviet power in Southeast Asia. Moscow could then point to Viet Nam as well as India's victory in the Indo-Pakistani war to show that its friendship counts—and Peking's does not.

Thinner Reed. Even on Nixon's third front, at home, the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong failed to ignite anti-war passions to the degree it would have in the past. To be sure, critics noted that bombing North Viet Nam has never persuaded Hanoi to bargain before. Quite the contrary, Lyndon Johnson got the North Vietnamese to Paris in 1968 only by stopping the bombing north of the 20th parallel—and he got them to start talking only by stopping the bombing sorties entirely. Before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Rogers and Laird insisted that the Commander in Chief's constitutional duty to protect American troops justified the bombing raids. Conceivably, that rationale could cover tactical air-support missions in support of ARVN troops in South Viet Nam, where American forces remain, but it is a thinner reed to lean on to defend bombing the North Vietnamese capital and the country's biggest port.

Rogers put on an uncharacteristically tough performance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, easily matching wits with Democratic Chairman J. William Fulbright. That



LAIRD DEFENDING THE BOMBING



DEPUTIES DISPERSE DEMONSTRATORS NEAR WRIGHT-PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE

was no accident. Nixon had told Rogers to take the offensive: Rogers spent the weekend with his top advisers, rehearsing for the hearings. He ruled out no possible U.S. course except use of nuclear weapons and commitment of U.S. ground troops to the fighting. "We're not going to make any announcement about what we're not going to do," he said. "We think there has been altogether too much of that in this war." Predictably, Laird was more truculent, leaving open the chance that the U.S. could mine Haiphong harbor or even blockade all of North Viet Nam's ports.

Politically, the man who stands to gain the most if there is a reaction to Nixon's belligerence is Senator George McGovern of South Dakota (see story, *on page 19*). His identification with the antiwar cause will doubtless help him in this week's primaries in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine pledged to stop the bombing of the North and withdraw all troops from Indochina, in return for

the release of U.S. P.O.W.s, "within 60 days of my inauguration." Hubert Humphrey, his chief centrist rival, knows that he is tarred with having been Lyndon Johnson's Vice President, and having turned from hawk to dove. He told a hissing University of Pennsylvania audience last week: "I hope some of you will have the courage to change your mind when you find that what you've been doing isn't the right thing."

But even Humphrey is a dove of long standing compared with several Democrats who announced their conversion last week after the Hanoi-Haiphong raids. "I'm for gettin' out," George Wallace said last week, to the general astonishment. If the Communists should wind up taking over in Sai-

gon, "it will be tough," Wallace added. "But I want us out." On Capitol Hill, Speaker Carl Albert of Oklahoma, abandoning his usual caution, voted with the House Democrats who endorsed, 144 to 58, by far the most stringent antiwar resolution ever to get anywhere on that side of the Capitol. (The House has always been more hawkish than the Senate.) Even Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, long a tacit Administration backer on Viet Nam, proclaimed: "It's high time we got out of there."

Around the U.S., particularly in the Northeast, students demonstrated against the bombing with varying degrees of fervor. At Harvard, 150 demonstrators once more ransacked the Center for International Affairs, after a march from downtown Boston. After a bitter meeting of the university senate, Columbia joined 100 other colleges in a one-day closedown last week. At the University of Maryland, Governor Marvin Mandel called out the National

Guard to enforce a curfew after students repeatedly blocked U.S. 1. Last weekend in New York, 50,000 marchers—some from as far away as Nebraska—demonstrated in the rain against the bombing. Much of the protest was genial, even languid, but there were incidents of violence. In Palo Alto, Calif., hard by Stanford University, police made 210 arrests after some rock throwing along El Camino Real, a major highway. In Detroit, 15 out of some 250 sit-in demonstrators were arrested at the Federal Building. The drawdown of U.S. forces has made the war a less personal issue to many collegians, and many 18- to 21-year-olds may be saving their spleen for the November presidential election, the first in which they may vote: if the war continues to be in the news, their supposed apathy may prove to have been overestimated.

Terrible Toll. The President seems willing to accept the political risks of bombing. A high Administration official quoted him as saying: "By doing what I must do, even if it means the election of someone else, I will at least give him a chance to have a viable, credible foreign policy." In fact, despite the anguished complaints that he is prolonging the war and adding to its terrible toll in lives over the years, his tough line may well be profitable at the polls. A talented opinion sampler who has the White House as a client, Albert Sindinger of Swarthmore, Pa., reports a big upswing in support of Nixon's Viet Nam policies since the North Vietnamese invasion, continuing into last week after the Hanoi-Haiphong bombings. He put Nixon's current popularity at 48.5% of the voters by his measuring, the highest any President has reached since Eisenhower's record after two months in office.

Nixon believes that everything rides on his Viet Nam gamble—his global policies, his re-election, perhaps his place in history, and he means to press ahead. U.S. troop levels will be down to 69,000 at the beginning of May, and he huddled with Kissinger at Camp David last weekend to work out the next withdrawal announcement. Intelligence experts in Washington think that the vital element in the North Vietnamese offensive is the psychological impact on the South Vietnamese—and on the U.S. electorate, as at the time of *Tet* in 1968. The experts predict much more heavy fighting and scattered Communist advances, successful at least for long enough to hold a village or a town for a day or so. But they believe that the North Vietnamese momentum has been blunted by the heavy bombing, and by ARVN. Still, ARVN is spread thinly, vulnerable to a dramatic breakthrough by the enemy. Both sides have more to gain, and to lose, than at any time since American combat troops were rushed in to save Saigon from collapse in 1965. This time, for the U.S., the counterpressure must be applied from the sea and, above all, the air.

The Harrowing War in the Air

It was slightly before 2 a.m. of what was to be the first warm and sunny Sunday of the year in North Viet Nam. Suddenly, inside the big Soviet-built area surveillance radar stations near Haiphong and Hanoi, the radarscopes exploded into life with the blips of approaching aircraft—more than the technicians had seen at any one time in years. After a moment, the images smeared and the blips disappeared, as if overtaken by some evil magic. The radarscopes filled with impenetrable "snow"—or simply went dark.

As U.S. intelligence experts later reconstructed what had probably happened, the Communists worked furiously to switch their jammed equipment to alternate frequencies and different

antenna systems, but with no success. Even so, they knew what the electronic symptoms meant: for the first time in the war, the U.S. was sending its eight-jet B-52s to bomb targets in North Viet Nam's Red River heartland.

The tip-off was the havoc created by the electronic "pilot fish" that, as the North Vietnamese know by now, often precede the B-52s: EB-66 Destroyers and EA-6B Intruders, whose hulges, pods and blisters house those gadgets designed to confuse ground radar, as well as needle-nosed F-105 "wild weasels," whose special radiation-seeking missiles lock onto and streak toward active enemy radar installations. Then, after the pilot fish, came the sharks: 17 B-52s. The B-52s dropped their 30-ton bomb loads into the darkness over Haiphong from 30,000 feet. The explosions destroyed a petroleum tank farm near the Haiphong harbor quay, provoking a fireball so large that it was seen from the bridge of the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk* 110 miles out at sea in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Vapor Trails. In the North Vietnamese capital, 60 miles inland, loudspeakers urgently awakened the sleeping city: "Comrades, attention! The enemy is near Hanoi." At 9:30 a.m., the second wave of the U.S. air assault appeared. This time the raiders were 32 Air Force F-4 Phantoms, far nimbler than the high- and blind-flying B-52s; for nearly half an hour they bombed and strafed warehouses and petroleum storage areas on the outskirts.

By mid-morning, panic was widespread. In Haiphong, all but soldiers and militia were ordered to evacuate. French Journalist Joel Henri saw "streams of children, old people and women walking along, carrying their belongings on bicycles." At 2:30 Sunday afternoon, the sirens wailed again in Haiphong. For more than an hour, 40 Navy jets from carriers wheeled around the city, pummeling warehouses, a huge truck park and nearby Kien An Airfield, where three MIG-17 fighters were destroyed on the ground. By

the time the third attack had ended, the sky over Haiphong was streaked by the vapor trails of SAM missiles.

In all, the North Vietnamese gunners fired an astonishing 242 missiles at the American warplanes. Although the enemy claimed that 15 planes, including one B-52, had been shot down, the U.S. command said that, thanks largely to the new sophistication of U.S. electronic wizardry, the Communists had managed to score only two hits. One Navy flyer was rescued after he ditched his crippled A-7 Corsair II at sea; two crewmen of an Air Force F-105 "wild weasel" downed by a SAM were missing. Only four of the 88 MIG-21s known to be based in the Hanoi-Haiphong area rose to meet the invading U.S. planes: three were shot down.

The planes and flyers that struck Haiphong and Hanoi early last week were merely a part—albeit an awesome effective part—of the most powerful air force assembled in Indochina, not least because of its ingenious use of electronic and computer technology. The constant refinement and development of techniques is a military necessity for the U.S. if it intends to maintain its control of the skies over Viet Nam. For Nixon's air armada must deal with an opponent whose borders bleed with advanced Soviet missiles and anti-aircraft artillery that have increased dramatically in quantity and sophistication. Still, the renewed air war promises to take a considerable toll. No B-52s have been lost since the Communist offensive began four weeks ago, but 16 smaller attack planes have been shot down, along with 21 helicopters. The human toll: 21 flyers killed, eight wounded, 35 missing.

Dramatic Step-up. The rapid air buildup continues. Within the past three weeks, more than 150 warplanes—F-4 Phantoms, all-weather F-105s, stubby EB-66s, B-52s—have been flown to the theater from Japan, the Philippines and even the U.S. The most dramatic step-up has been in the number of B-52s, increased from 83 to 139 airplanes, based in Thailand and on Guam. Within 131 hours after they received their orders at California's Beale AFB, two B-52 squadrons were settled in at Guam's Andersen, ready to operate over North Viet Nam (see box, page 15).

When the *Midway* and the *Saratoga* join the four aircraft carriers (*Coral Sea*, *Hancock*, *Kitty Hawk*, *Constellation*) currently on station in the Gulf of Tonkin, the number of U.S. combat planes in the Indochina area will climb past 850, up from only 400 last month. Counting the tough little South Vietnamese air force, with its A-1 Skyraiders and A-37 and F-5 jets, Washington and Saigon have more than 1,000 combat aircraft available.

The air war has not only been stepped up; it has been re-Americanized. During the long relative lull in the fighting, Saigon's own air force had taken over 90% of the combat flying with-

BOMBS EXPLODING NEAR AN LOC



U.S. AIR FORCE A-37 FIGHTER-BOMBER TAXING ON BIEN HOA RUNWAY



in South Viet Nam, while U.S. airpower focused on massive bombing of the infiltration routes in Laos and Cambodia. The Communist offensive changed all that. Within South Viet Nam, U.S. pilots have been flying a punishing 500 sorties a day, up from only 20 a day before the offensive (a sortie is one flight by one aircraft). For the pilots, attacking North Vietnamese tanks or defending beleaguered South Vietnamese troops has been a welcome change. "We'd all rather bomb targets we can see," says Captain Rick Elder, 27, an A-37 pilot based at Bien Hoa, north of

Saigon. "It's a little bit more rewarding when you know the ordnance isn't just burning down rubber trees."

There are several ironies in the war. One is that the skillful, reckless Canyonesque veterans of the South Vietnamese air force are probably closer to the conventional American image of what fighter pilots are like than their American counterparts. Many VNAF pilots have flown more than 3,000 combat missions. Currently, the Thieu regime is mounting a morale-stiffening campaign around Captain Tran The Vinh, a Vietnamese ace who was cred-

ited with knocking out 21 North Vietnamese tanks before he died two weeks ago, at the age of 25, in the crash of his shell-torn Skyraider. Posters of Vinh, making a jaunty thumbs-up sign, appeared all over Saigon last week.

Vinh's American counterparts are cool, detached professionals, by and large emotionally uninvolved with the war. Last week Major Douglas Stockton, an A-37 pilot from Arlington, Texas, explained to TIME Correspondent David DeVoss that he did not really have anything against the North Vietnamese. "I just like to fly in combat

To a Darkling Target Aboard a B-52

From Guam, TIME's Tokyo Bureau Chief Herman Nickel reports on one B-52's mission over North Viet Nam:

UNLIKE the bombers of more glamorous wars, this one wore no buxom bathing beauty on her fuselage. Nor was a girl's name painted on her nose. In accord with Strategic Air Command practice, only a number—6623—stenciled in yellow on her four-story-high black tail distinguished her from the 85 other B-52s of SAC's 43rd Strategic Air Wing that lined the tarmac at Andersen Air Force Base on Guam.

In the 16 hours or so since she had returned from her last mission, 6623 had been refueled and her bomb bay rearmed with 42 stubby 750-lb. bombs. In addition, 24 thin, cigar-shaped 500-lb. bombs had been attached in clusters to her long, swept-back wings (total span: 185 ft.). At 10:30 p.m., as low-hanging clouds raced past a sickle moon, a beat-up bus unloaded 6623's six-man crew for the night. The aircraft commander, Captain Ed Petersen, a 27-year-old graduate of the Air Force Academy, walked around the big plane, flashlight in hand, with the sergeant who was in charge of the ground crew. Petersen spotted a suspicious puddle of liquid beneath the plane.

"I drank it. It's water," reported the crew chief.

Reassured, Petersen climbed the narrow steps up to the flight deck, where his co-pilot, First Lieut. Joseph Czarkowski, had already started the preflight checklist of the plane's complex systems. Unlike air crews in World War II or Korea, who got to know all the foibles of their particular aircraft, Petersen and his men are not assigned to one plane. It was their first flight in 6623, and they might never fly her again. The crew had been together only since mid-January, and Petersen was substituted at the last moment for the regular aircraft commander, who had developed back trouble. But no sweat, as the SAC men say. Each member of a B-52 crew is a professional, and that counts far more than sentimental attachments.

Precisely on schedule at 11:23, Petersen started the B-52's eight engines, and 6623 taxied to her place as the third plane in a three-bomber flight. It took 45 agonizingly long seconds to lift her 500,000 lbs. into the air. "I'm scared every time we get one of these machines off the ground," said Czarkowski, with cheerful candor. The three B-52Ds climbed slowly to approximately 30,000 feet and set a course for North Viet Nam, 2,600 miles west. They flew strung out in a loose formation about two miles apart, to later confuse North Viet Nam's Soviet-supplied radar.

Not far from the Asian mainland, 6623 made a rendezvous with a KC-135 tanker, which topped up her tanks for the run over Viet Nam and back. A short time later, Captain Larry Underwood, 27, the electronics warfare officer, detected the first traces of enemy radar bouncing off 6623. Seated at a console behind the flight deck, Underwood began employing a number of top-secret jamming devices to conceal 6623 within its own protective bubble of electronic countermeasures. As the B-52 came within range of surface-to-air missiles, Underwood employed other devices that blocked the missile radar from locking on to the big plane. Meanwhile Captain Petersen started to put the plane through turns to make 6623 a more elusive target.

As they wove toward "the heavily defended area"—an Air Force euphemism that usually means North Viet Nam—the crew, who at night never see the land below them, knew almost nothing about their target. It had been picked by others and would remain almost completely anonymous. The target was given only as a set of coordinates on a map. As the bisecting point of those coordinates drew near, Major Harold Clayton, 39, the radar navigation officer (the new term for bombardier), directed the final approach.

The release of the bombs, all 43,500 lbs. of them, was oddly anticlimactic. There was no sudden lurch upward, hardly even a gentle shudder. Captain Petersen turned the plane eastward to-



ward Guam. The run over North Viet Nam had taken only ten minutes. So far as the electronics warfare officer could tell, no one had fired at 6623. "It's odd," he said, "but they don't take every target that comes their way."

On the return homeward leg, Petersen warmed up a TV-style steak dinner. Other crew members, by choice, munched on sandwiches. Then, while Petersen and Captain Kenneth Temple, 29, the navigator, flew into the morning sun, the others slept intermittently. Staff Sergeant Gerald Clemens, 26, who is isolated from the rest of the crew in the tail-gunner compartment, about 150 feet away from the flight deck, also got permission to doze.

Guam emerged like a green emerald in the blue Pacific, and Petersen brought 6623 in for a perfect landing: a yellow chute billowing from the tail aided the plane's brakes. Slowly 6623 rolled to the assigned parking spot, and the first of six stiff-legged, unshaven and slightly grubby men stepped to the ground. To the minute, the mission had lasted twelve hours.



GUIDED-MISSILE CRUISER U.S.S. "OKLAHOMA CITY" FIRING INTO NORTH VIET NAM
The U.S. had the power to widen the war but not to win it.

situations," he said. "Last week I had just completed a pass at An Loc when an NVA soldier comes on my radio as clear as could be. 'Go away from Viet Nam, American G.I.,' the voice said. 'The people do not want you.' I wish he would have talked a little bit longer so I could have got a fix on him. It would have given me a great deal of pleasure to drop a 500-pounder on his head."

Automated War. Three years ago General William C. Westmoreland, then commander of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, forecast a future of automated wars "featuring almost instantaneous application of lethal firepower." Much of the air war is now automated and instantaneous. B-52s move in an electronic "hubble" generated by Rivet Ace, a highly classified system designed to snarl the latest model enemy missile radars. Fighters flying as low as 200 feet can be programmed to jerk into a sudden, evasive barrel roll the moment they are picked up by SAM radar. Over enemy infiltration routes, AC-130 Spectre gunships lay down a barrage of fire when the presence of troops is revealed by tiny air-dropped sensors no larger than a twig, including magnetic metal detectors and "people sniffers" that respond electronically to the smell of ammonia in urine.

The new devices are not 100% fool-proof. Enemy troops often foil the people sniffers by hanging buckets of urine in the trees. Even the "wild weasels," which were designed to counteract Soviet-built SAMs, occasionally run amuck. During the Haiphong raid, an anti-radar missile that was intended to strike a Communist antenna accidentally homed in on the guided missile frigate *Worden*. The ship was so heavily damaged that it had to be towed to the Philippines for repairs.

Can airpower save Saigon's army from disaster on the ground? U.S. military advisers in Saigon insist that it has already done so. Without lavish air sup-

port, they say, the embattled cities of An Loc and Quang Tri might have fallen to the Communists long ago. In fact, the Americans believe that the North Vietnamese blundered by underestimating the amount of airpower that the U.S. could and would bring to bear on the offensive.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that both the Americans and South Vietnamese are inclined to rely a bit too much on airpower. "This attitude prevails in every corner of the battlefield," reports TIME's Stanley Cloud. "Don't worry," commanders and G.I.s alike keep saying, "if things get too bad, we'll just bomb the hell out of them." But over the years it has not always worked, and it still may not. The inability of the South Vietnamese army to make headway against the Communist invaders on the ground seems to illustrate another saying heard often in Saigon: "Airpower can keep you from losing ground, but it can't get any back for you."

Indefinite Presence. When can the South Vietnamese take over their own air war? After the training and equipping of the Vietnamese air force is complete late in 1974, Saigon will have the world's seventh largest air force, with 1,300 planes. But even then it will not be self-sufficient. Partly because Washington does not want Saigon to have an air force advanced enough to tempt it into unwise adventures, VNAF will not be given the long-range planes that would enable it to keep pressure up on the Ho Chi Minh Trail or hold Hanoi's supersonic MIGs at bay.

Unless a negotiated peace is arranged, the prospect is for an indefinite U.S. air presence in Indochina, involving as many as 30,000 men and costing up to \$1 billion a year (current annual cost of the war: \$6 billion). The irony is that the U.S., having extricated itself from a protracted ground war in Asia, may find itself committed to a less costly but no less enduring war in the air.

The Fierce War on

BYOND the obvious political goals, the massive North Vietnamese ground offensive was designed to test the will of the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam—to bloody and punish it, to destroy it if possible. Last week both armies had certainly been bloodied, in a war of attrition that raised casualties to the highest levels in months. By conservative estimate, 10,000 South Vietnamese were killed or missing during three weeks of fighting; American losses were 28 killed and 108 wounded. Despite the fearsome losses inflicted by U.S. and Vietnamese air strikes, the estimated 110,000 to 130,000 NVA troops in the South kept the initiative, even though they had yet to capture one major city. But they had also taken control of chunks of territory, and the 492,000-man South Vietnamese army was overextended as it sought to protect the widely scattered fronts.

Many ARVN units fought well—notably the Rangers and Marines, and sometimes even units of the often-maligned Regional and Popular forces. But the South Vietnamese had yet to mount an effective counteroffensive anywhere. The primary reason was the excessive caution of ARVN generals, who apparently preferred to let airpower do the job rather than risk their troops, even when risks were mandatory.

Nowhere was the South Vietnamese failure more evident—or more costly in military and civilian lives—than in the siege of An Loc, a provincial capital of approximately 17,000 people 60 miles north of Saigon. Its population had been swollen by 6,000 men of the battered South Vietnamese 5th Division and some 2,000 refugees who had fled south after the fall of the district town of Loc Ninh three weeks ago. North Vietnamese troops threw a cordon around

ARVN TROOPS NEAR AN LOC



The Ground

An Loc, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu ordered the city held "at all costs" and sent a crack armored column of 20,000 men northward to relieve it. Fearful that the column might be trapped and cut off from the rear, the area commander, General Nguyen Van Minh, halted the majority of his troops 15 miles from An Loc.

By decreeing that An Loc be held, President Thieu had inadvertently given it a symbolic importance far beyond its actual strategic value. It bestrides the highway to Saigon, but the city itself is of little military worth. After a two-week siege, An Loc was a shattered city of rotting corpses and walking wounded. From tree-covered cliffs and rubber plantations overlooking the town, North Vietnamese gunners poured in round after round of artillery, mortar, rocket and tank fire. Several shells landed on the overcrowded hospital, located near the South Vietnamese army headquarters. "The wounded were everywhere," said South Vietnamese Captain Le Van Tam, one of the fortunate ones to be evacuated. "Children, pregnant women bleeding, the old. They were dying and no one was able to help them. There were just too many."

Another 1,000 refugees crowded into the town's Catholic church, where they had little food and water and were under constant bombardment. The city's defenders buried in a mass grave 350 soldiers who had been killed during the siege. "During the first week we just stacked up the bodies, 60 or 70 to a pile," said a U.S. adviser who had helicoptered in and out of town. "But eventually the smell just got too bad."

Holed Up. The North Vietnamese, meanwhile, had penetrated the north side of An Loc, where most of the civilian population lived, and holed up there against daily aerial bombardment that marked the town's location with a continuous pillar of smoke. The defenders, lacking supplies, could do little to drive them out. At one point a besieged ARVN fire base was down to twelve 105-mm. howitzer rounds. Vietnamese air force helicopter pilots, fearing anti-aircraft fire, declined to go in with more. Finally, U.S. Chinooks dropped the needed ammunition and food.

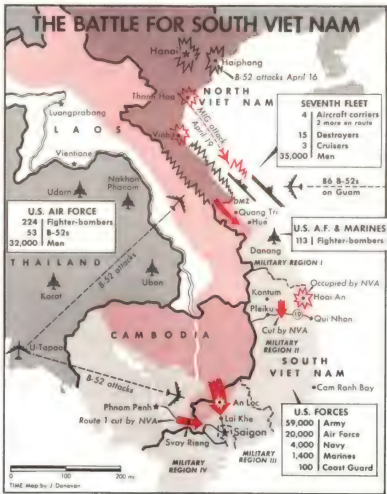
Meanwhile, the column sent to relieve An Loc remained stuck on Highway 13. The reason: the terrain was open and flat, ideal for bombing enemy troops and for taking up a defensive position should the North Vietnamese choose to attack. The NVA declined the bait, and only harassed the column while the troops' morale and supplies dwindled. Minh, who has built up a reputation as the most successful of Saigon's generals at avoiding a set battle, kept insisting that he was on the verge of "a great victory." His apparent reasoning: since An Loc had not yet fallen, "our reinforcements saved the city."

"If the U.S. had been running this operation, the whole province would have been secure a week ago," fumed one American adviser. "Minh is the most insecure man I've ever seen." Time and again, U.S. and South Vietnamese fighter-bombers cleared an area in preparation for a South Vietnamese advance that never came. That left the choice to the North Vietnamese. As long as Minh refused to move, they could leave a small force behind to keep the An Loc relief column pinned down and slip southwest for an attack on the provincial capital of Tay Ninh—to which el-

town of Svay Rieng, astride Highway 1, which links Phnom Penh to the South Vietnamese capital. The move could be a diversion, or an effort to open a new infiltration route into South Viet Nam—or a bid to mousetrap the South Vietnamese into another An Loc.

While most of the action last week centered on Military Region III around the capital, the North Vietnamese made smaller and more cautious attacks elsewhere for smaller gains. Items:

► In Military Region I (the north), NVA troops and artillery were once more moving toward Quang Tri city,



ements of the ARVN 25th Division reportedly repaired last week in a "tactical retreat" from their position four miles away, even though they had not been attacked. U.S. intelligence estimated that five North Vietnamese regiments in the area had not yet surfaced—and could attack at any time in any of the three provinces north and west of Saigon, or even hit the capital itself.

At week's end Communist forces were only about 40 miles from the capital, although on a different front. About 75 miles southwest of An Loc, North Vietnamese surrounded the Cambodian

raising fears of an attack on that vulnerable provincial capital. Several villages in the Southern provinces of the region were reported burned. South Vietnamese troops opened a road from Hue to besieged fire base Bastogne, which last week withstood a North Vietnamese tear-gas attack.

► In M.R. II (the center), South Vietnamese troops gave up the district town of Hoai An and the An Lao valley. In the Central Highlands, the equivalent of three North Vietnamese divisions harassed South Vietnamese forces and laid siege to seven fire bases west

THE NATION

of the provincial capital of Kontum. Other North Vietnamese cut the main supply route, Highway 19, between Pleiku and the coastal town of Qui Nhon, and inflicted heavy losses on a South Korean division that tried to re-open the road. But the North Vietnamese were also suffering heavily in this section from American bombings; B-52 raids inflicted enormous casualties on the NVA 28th regiment.

► In M.R. IV (the Mekong Delta), Viet Cong guerrillas rocketed the provincial capitals of My Tho and Can Tho, and attacked a number of government outposts near the southern tip of the country. But activity was too limited to be considered a new front. Bus drivers traveling the Mekong Delta on their way to Saigon were told by local Viet Cong that the roads were still safe.

Largely overlooked in the fighting was the fact that the North Vietnamese were gaining considerable political ground in the countryside as well. Cadres moving in behind the troops can blend in with the population in the hope of establishing themselves more or less permanently in South Viet Nam—and cause the government serious problems for years, even if the invading army is pushed back. There was evidence last week of such infiltration around Saigon, Kontum and Huế. In one village south

of An Loc, Communists distributed leaflets, then bought a fat pig and treated the entire village to a "Liberation Day" feast. Next morning, after the Communists left, someone reported their presence in the village, which shortly afterward was bombed, as the Communists probably expected. They thus converted one village to their side.

While the ground war was a strictly Vietnamese affair, U.S. and North Vietnamese forces traded shot and shell on another front—the sea. Since the invasion began, a flotilla of more than a score of U.S. destroyers and guided-missile frigates and cruisers had been shelling North Vietnamese positions north and south of the DMZ. Then, last week, the North Vietnamese responded. At least three enemy MIGs swept over the destroyer U.S.S. *Higbee*. During two passes, they landed a bomb square atop the ship's magazine, causing an explosion that blew out a portion of the superstructure. One MIG was shot down, but four sailors were wounded and the *Higbee* was forced to withdraw to Da Nang for repairs.

It was the first time that North Vietnamese MIGs had attacked American warships—and the first time since 1964 that the U.S. Seventh Fleet had been challenged in any way in the Gulf of Tonkin. North Vietnamese shore bat-

teries managed to hit the guided-missile destroyer U.S.S. *Buchanan*, killing one crew member and wounding seven. In the heaviest sea action of the week, U.S. ships on two occasions spotted on radar a number of North Vietnamese patrol boats moving toward them at high speed. The Navy opened fire, sinking three and possibly four of the vessels, and damaging two more.

No Strength. Convinced that the ceaseless air strikes had cut into the NVA's ability to attack at will, senior American officials in Saigon last week remained cautiously optimistic that the South would turn the tide and prevent the North Vietnamese from taking any major cities. The Communists "just do not have the strength," said one U.S. diplomat. Perhaps not, but U.S. observers in the vicinity of An Loc were somewhat less sanguine. "If An Loc goes," says Colonel J. Ross Franklin, senior adviser to the ARVN 21st Division, "we lose a provincial capital, a division and a battle that has received a lot of publicity." Could An Loc become another Dien Bien Phu? "Anything is possible," answered the colonel. The difference was that An Loc was an entirely Vietnamese battle. The U.S. had the power to widen the war, but by withdrawal and Vietnamization it no longer had the power to win it for the South Vietnamese.

"The Futility . . . the Unspeakable Inhumanity"

In a reflective moment in a hectic week, TIME's Saigon Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud filed this personal assessment of the war:

TOLSTOY noted that war is a profoundly unmanageable human enterprise. Generals, journalists and politicians continue to assume it is a science, a matter of vectors and the measure-

ment of force. The irrational must be made rational before men can feel themselves in control of events. Perhaps that is also why war is so often portrayed as a game or sporting event, the battlefield as an extension of the playing fields of Eton. Nixon the poker player is seen raising the stakes; General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Communists' super-quarterback, is seen fading back for a last-second touchdown pass.

One suspects, however, that Tolstoy is right. War is irrational, and it is this aspect of the war that is so often lacking in the accounts written from and about the battlefields. Viet Nam has been at blazing war for 27 years. There is hardly a person anywhere in Indochina who has not been touched directly, in one way or another, by the fighting. Mothers have lost sons and daughters. Sons have lost fathers and mothers. Farms, homes, towns, cities have been destroyed. The draft touches every young man between 18 and 35—except those who can bribe their way out. And the war, of course, touches everyone in subtle ways that erode the soul. Wives have lost husbands, brothers have lost brothers, lovers have lost lovers.

Yet it does not end, and does not even show signs of ending. A map of Indochina in 1954, with shaded areas marking Communist control, is so remarkably similar to a map of Indo-

china today that one is overwhelmed by the futility of it, the unspeakable inhumanity of it on both sides—or rather on all sides, since so many different factions and forces are at work here. North Viet Nam will not give up, Nixon will not give up, Thieu will not give up, the Russians will not give up. Everyone presses on—even the pitiable people of Viet Nam, except, of course, those whose twisted, bloated, blown bodies litter the roads and fields, the stench of their death carried on the wind.

Such tragedy is part of all wars, of course. But this conflict has lasted so long and Viet Nam is, after all, such a tiny place, such an insignificant place in any grand scale of things. Its people do not understand what they have done to deserve their fate, but they assume that it must have been something truly despicable—perhaps their ancestors' brutal subjugation long ago of the Kingdom of the Chams.

The Vietnamese are Asians, and they accept their fate. They go off to war and they fight, often bravely, always unquestioningly. But Westerners are wrong if they think that the South Vietnamese (one doesn't know much about their relatives in the North) want the war to continue or that they care much about the issues that get so much attention in the West. They want the war to end—now. They think it would if the powers, great and small, who keep pushing them into it, would at long, long last just let them be.

REFUGEES ON ROAD NEAR QUANG TRI



POLITICS

The Durable Issue

He was a one-issue man, some once said, and his candidacy would fade the moment President Nixon carried out his 1968 campaign pledge to end U.S. involvement in the nation's longest war. But as U.S. bombs smashed into targets near Haiphong and Hanoi and Communist MIGs attacked American warships, Viet Nam was still very much alive as a national issue—and so were the presidential nomination hopes of South Dakota Senator George McGovern.

The one-issue label had never been quite accurate; he has long been far more than that. Indeed his position papers on tax reform and defense spending are the most carefully reasoned and detailed of any candidate. But McGovern's early (1963) and persistent all-out opposition to the U.S. role in Viet Nam gave him far more punch last week than the other Democratic contenders—nearly all of whom sharply assailed Nixon's re-escalation of the air war. Campaigning hard in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, McGovern drew repeated ovations as he branded the Administration's new bombings "tragic and sickening events."

It was also once said that McGovern was too colorless a man to enlist the grass roots support necessary to make him a force at the Democratic National Convention. But last week McGovern continued to show surprising organizational strength as his enthusiastic, and mainly youthful, supporters dominated enough party caucuses in Idaho to win 45% of the district delegates, who will select the state's delegation to the National convention. Edmund Muskie got only 17.8% and Hubert Humphrey 5%. McGovern did almost as well in similar caucuses in Vermont, neighboring Muskie's Maine. He appeared to have won about 400 district delegates against nearly 250 for Muskie and only eight for Humphrey. The showing was all the more impressive because in both states top party leaders supported Muskie.

McGOVERN CAMPAIGNING IN PENNSYLVANIA



GORMAN, CADDALL & PORTER IN THEIR OFFICE OFF HARVARD SQUARE

Advice from Harvard

George McGovern's initial campaign plans did not include Ohio. The Buckeye state, whose primary is May 2, seemed owned by Edmund Muskie. But last week McGovern announced that he would spend a full week in Ohio hoping to reap a rich harvest among the state's 153 convention votes. The advice that he assuredly could come from three seniors at Harvard University.

They are Pat Caddell, John Gorman and Dan Porter, all 21, collectively known as Cambridge Survey Research Inc., McGovern's sole source of polling information for his race to Miami Beach and the youngest—and just possibly the hottest—psephologists in the employ of any candidate in the field. They started working in the campaign in October 1971, on the recommendation of McGovern's Florida campaign manager. Their voter interviewing was a major factor in McGovern's decision to move away from a one-issue Viet Nam stance and to begin working the rich vein of voter discontent over inflation and taxes. They also warned him early that the electorate preferred straight talk to rhetoric this year and was fed up with slick media campaigns. That advice, which happily coincided both with McGovern's personality and his pocketbook, has paid off handsomely so far.

Cambridge Survey was the brainchild of modish Caddell, a bright and articulate student of numbers who started doing election projections for a local TV station while still a high school student in Jacksonville, Fla. In 1970 Caddell and his fellow members of the Class of 1972 worked for 18¢ an hour and expenses during John Gilligan's Ohio gubernatorial primary campaign. The three worked hard, polled diligently and filed a 2,000-page report of the findings that because of its ponderous volume

probably and properly went unread.

Learning from that overkill, Caddell and his partners polished their techniques in several congressional and local campaigns in Massachusetts. By September last year their rooms were spilling over with computer print-outs and voting records that they had gathered. So they moved into a converted apartment just off Harvard Square in Cambridge and officially incorporated their business. In addition to McGovern, the firm's clients now include four senatorial and five congressional candidates—all liberal Democrats and "men with whom we find a large area of agreement," Caddell says.

He attributes the trio's success to a thorough search for responses that older pollsters may miss. "We're not magicians, we're just listening posts," he asserts. Their ability to frame the unasked question may diminish, Caddell thinks, as he and his partners mature. Though they plan to tend their business full time once they graduate, Caddell says, "We'll probably only be good for from five to ten years."

Reform Reconsidered

Party reform has brought more problems than the McGovern commission ever dreamed of when it laid down guidelines for the selection of delegates to the Democratic National Convention. Of the 478 delegates chosen to date, at least 220 are on slates that have been challenged by one aggrieved faction or another. The Democratic National Committee, which has the task of coping with the challenges, admits that it is bewildered. "I have this recurring dream," says Committee Official Robert Nelson. "It involves a small news story out of Miami describing the first lynching in the South in 40 years. I was the one they lynched."

The McGovern commission pro-

THE NATION

mulgated rules that are sometimes as vague as they are hard to implement. The stickiest guideline calls for women, youth and minorities to be represented on delegations in rough proportion to their percentage in the population. While the intent was not to set up a quota system, that is what it amounts to. The National Women's Political Caucus, for instance, is challenging delegations that do not reflect the number of women in a state, which is almost always more than one-half the population.

Target No. 1 of the reformers' righteous wrath is—guess who?—Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, bloody but unbowed from recent election setbacks. How can anyone call for more democratic selection procedures and yet impose quotas? he wants to know, not entirely illogically. But a group of anti-Daley Chicagoans have filed a 43-page

memorandum in Miami. But what happens then? muses a National Committee official. "Are we going to say: 'Well, Dick, we know it's going to cost us Illinois, but a rule's a rule?'" The reform-minded 1972 convention could turn out to be as disastrously divisive as the boss-led 1968 convention.

Wallace Trouble in Dixie

On the stump, George Wallace insists that he is not a regional candidate. Several Southern Democratic leaders are dedicated to proving, at least, that he is not *their* regional candidate.

Most bravely outspoken among them is Terry Sanford, 54, ex-Governor of North Carolina who is now the president of Duke University. Last month he became a surprise entry in the May 6 North Carolina primary because, says one of his aides, "he couldn't stand the

house door. I was opening the doors to education for everyone."

Though some political cynics dismiss him as a stalking horse for his friend Hubert Humphrey, who is not entered in the North Carolina primary, Sanford swears that he is serious in his bid for the Democratic presidential nomination. Just as seriously, he says that if he loses to Wallace in North Carolina he will drop out of the race and return to the relative quiet of academe.

It could be a close race; polls show Wallace, Sanford and Edmund Muskie far ahead of Shirley Chisholm and Henry Jackson who, like Muskie, is not campaigning in the state though he is on the ballot. On May 6 North Carolina voters will indicate whether, as one national Democratic leader contends, many Southerners "are sick of having the rest of the country think the South is all like George Wallace."



DALEY AT CHICAGO CONVENTION (1968)

In Democratic Party reform and in the South, continuing arguments over closed doors.



SANFORD IN NORTH CAROLINA



WALLACE AWAITING TV INTERVIEW SHOW

brief charging the 59-year-old bloc controlled by him with violating just about every rule in the McGovern book.

Until the convention begins, the Democratic National Committee will do its best to try to persuade the factions to accept a compromise; some offending delegates might be exchanged for others who are more acceptable to the opposition. But it is all groping in the dark, since the McGovern commission rules provide no guide for remedies. The final decision rests with the Credentials Committee and the convention; if most of the disputes have not been negotiated beforehand, the prospects for chaos are chilling.

Rules. This would do nothing to help the Democrats' chances of regaining the presidency, which, after all, is the purpose of the convention. In the ferocity of their intraparty feuding, some Democrats seem to have forgotten this. It would doubtless be soul-satisfying for some reformers to give Daley his comeuppance and expel him and his clique

thought of a Wallace victory in his home state—and figured that nobody but Terry Sanford could beat the guy."

The fight between Sanford the Southern progressive and Wallace the Southern populist is being billed as the "Dixie Classic." To counter the mounting threat posed by Sanford, Wallace last week made a hasty visit to Statesville, N.C., where he figures to capitalize on a school integration controversy that has plagued the city.

Sanford, meanwhile, is busily canvassing up to eight counties a day, setting up "listening posts" to hear the gripes of voters. He tells the North Carolinians that Wallace is a phony populist who does not tax the savings and loan institutions in his home state, that corporate taxes are comparatively low in Alabama and that middle-income citizens carry the brunt of the taxes. Sanford, a champion of civil rights who sent his children to integrated public schools as early as a decade ago, preaches: "While Wallace stood in the school-

Gut Campaigning

Strange are the things a candidate will stomach to win a few votes. Consider the fortitude of Roman ("Pooch") Pucinski, the Democratic Illinois Congressman who is waging an uphill battle to unseat first-term Republican Senator Charles Percy.

Arriving at Loyola University in Chicago for a "rap session," the silver-haired Democrat found that his audience had been lured away by a campus goldfish-swallowing contest. "The student chairman was very apologetic," says Pucinski, "and we went to the contest to announce that I was there." Upon his appearance, the students began chanting, "Eat a fish! Eat a fish!" Never one to ignore an opening, Pooch downed one of the little wrigglers. "A goldfish is sort of like a martini," said Pucinski later, swallowing hard. "After the first one, they're not bad. Once I'd swallowed it, I couldn't feel it wriggle at all."

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"Best color TV I ever saw." Mr. L.B., Illinois
"Dynamic, wow!"
"Wow!" Mr. G.M., New York

"It's a lovely set. The colors are very sharp and clear." Mr. M.W., Pennsylvania

"Try it, you'll like it!" Mr. D.J., Pennsylvania
"This is our second Sony TV as our first was stolen." Mrs. M.W., New York

"Super picture." Mr. V.M., Colorado
"Excellent picture on all 12 VHF channels." Cable TV Studio, Montana

"Excellent picture—knock wood." Mr. C.M., New York
"Super reception without external antenna." Mr. R.P., Texas

"Great piece of gear." Mr. M.M., Maryland
"I have never seen a better picture." Mr. L.M., Michigan

"I find the performance excellent. You are still the best company going." Mr. S.D., New York

"The TV set works exceptionally well!" Mr. J.L., Massachusetts
"We love the beautiful clear, sharp color." Mr. N.S., Wisconsin

"Best TV on the market!" Dr. J.C., Connecticut
"Very nice." Mr. C.P., California

"It's terrific! The color is so sharp!" Mr. J.M., Massachusetts
"Best color available and sharpest image." Mr. B.R., Colorado

"Great picture." Mr. R.S., Pennsylvania
"So far it is fantastic!" Mrs. D.B., California

"It's the best portable color TV." Mr. R.K., New York
"The finest color set on the market today." Mr. R.C., New Jersey

"Very happy with it as I have also been with Sony radios. Hope you continue to maintain the quality of your excellent products." Mr. S.J., Wisconsin

"It's really beautiful." Miss L.F., New York
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"It's the only color TV that we have liked." Mr. J.P., Oklahoma

"Looks good!" Mr. R.C., New York
"Very fine set." Mr. L.M., New York

"It's beautiful, and I'm very happy to finally own one of my own." Miss M.E., Texas
"I like it." Miss C.L., Georgia

"Love it!" Dr. D.B., New York
"I bought it because I feel that it is the best there is." Mrs. B.R., California

"I enjoy it very much. It seems like a very nice set." Mr. W.M., Massachusetts
"Really great picture." Mrs. L.M., Michigan

"Fine product." Mr. V.D., Pennsylvania
"Have many other Sony products and have always been very pleased." Mr. W.W., Iowa

"A truly fine set." Mr. F.R., Virginia
"Good quality, great product well made." Mr. T.S., California

"Excellent color, sharpness." Mr. J.M., Minnesota
"Works very well." Mr. T.B., Colorado

"Very terrific!" Mr. H.L., California
"Sorry we had a little trouble with the new TV. I hope it will be fixed soon. Channel 7 is not working now." Mr. J.G., Illinois

"We had a 9" B&W Sony about 8 years. No service was required." Mr. C.S., Florida
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"Beautiful." Mr. J.C., Pennsylvania
"This television has the best color of any other product we have ever seen." Mr. and Mrs. J.B., Iowa

"Very pleased." Mr. B.L., Maryland
"It is excellent." Mrs. S.C., California

"Have many other Sony products and have always liked them." Dr. R.W., Georgia
"Very practical." Mr. B.P., California

"Love it and enjoy it." Mrs. D.G., New York
"Very clear color picture!" Mr. D.S., Illinois

"Well pleased with all we ever owned (first one 10 yrs. ago)." Mr. R.S., Indiana
"It's beautiful!" Mrs. J.D., New York

"Would buy a bigger one, 21" if you had one." Mr. P.Z., Wisconsin
"After 2 days I love it!" Mrs. J.S., Illinois

"Reception and color very good." Mr. S.Z., Connecticut
"Good workmanship and performance." Mr. W.K., California

"Great." Mr. D.M., Utah
"It's beautiful." Mr. N.D., Missouri

"We like it!" Mr. C.H., Alaska
"Any product purchased by us from Sony had excellent performance." Mr. D.P., Maine

"Beautiful!" Mrs. M.F., Florida
"Excellent color—very satisfied." Mr. R.C., Massachusetts
"We like it." Mr. K.K., Rhode Island

"I hope its endurance is as good as its present performance." Mr. D.P., Pennsylvania
"Very good." Mr. D.A., Texas

"The best value quality of all our Sony products." Mr. B.W., California
"So far, great." Mr. R.H., California

"A fine color TV in every respect." Mr. J.H., Massachusetts
"Pleased." Mr. J.B., Texas
"Highly satisfied with Sony's quality workmanship." Mr. R.G., Ohio

"I like it." Mr. W.S., California
"Beautiful color." Mr. M.G., Minnesota
"It's excellent." Mr. J.K., New York

"Very pleased with set. Excellent quality (so far)." Mr. S.T., Maryland
"We like it." Mr. D.H., Illinois
"Very excellent. Pleasure definition." Mr. A.H., Arkansas

"Great except for few minor adjustments." Mr. R.V., Ohio
"Very good reception." Mr. R.V., Ohio
"So far, so good." Mr. W.B., Ohio

"I like it." Mr. W.M., Illinois
"Excellent product." Mr. G., Texas
"I hope to enjoy many years use of it." Mrs. G.W., Rhode Island

"To date, excellent." Mr. G.W., Ohio
"We like Sony products. They have quality and unduller design." Mr. J.H., Texas

"Excellent set." Mr. J.T., California
"Very good product." Mr. B.T., Missouri
"We love it—the 12" portable just fits into our S.V. room." Dr. W.V., Illinois

"So far... great!" Mr. J.T., California
"It's beautiful—wonderful picture." Mr. and Mrs. J.D., New Jersey
"Great!" Mr. D.S., Texas

"Bought it after long deliberation. Hope it performs perfectly for a long time to warrant my trust in Sony." Mrs. M.R., Maine
"Excellent product." Mrs. N.K., Massachusetts

"Looks well engineered—fine styling—good picture. Hope it holds up a long time—if so, it will be worth the money spent!" Mr. A.J., New Jersey
"So far, so good!" Miss K.P., New York

"Beautiful, clear, good color picture. Instant sound and picture!" Mr. B.R., Pennsylvania
"Like it very much. Good clear picture." Mr. D.R., Illinois

"Good color." Mr. K.K., California
"Excellent color." Mr. M.L., New York
"It's great! The best color TV picture I've ever seen." Mr. E.D., California

"The right side of screen has a green tint at all times including blow operation. Can this be adjusted? Please comment." Mr. G.J., California
"Superb color, outstanding performance. Completely satisfied." Miss S.Z., New York

"We love color TV made." Mr. L.L., Connecticut
"I really like it. Nice cabinet, sharp, bright picture and color." Mrs. B.M., California
"Excellent—so far very pleased." Mr. H.I., New York

"She loves it!" Mrs. A.H., California
"We like it immensely so far." Mr. C.D., California
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"Perfect working condition." Mr. W.E., Alabama
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"Bright picture with excellent color." Mr. W.E., Alabama

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"Great picture." Mr. W.E., Alabama
"Great color." Mr. W.E., Alabama

"Like it. Sony about the lateness of warranty, I misplaced it, but the set is O.K." Mr. W.H., California
"Great!" Mr. V.G., Texas
"Excellent." Mr. S.C., California

"Excellent." Mr. S.C., California
"Excellent." Mr. S.C., California
"Excellent." Mr. S.C., California

"Just excellent product." Mr. W.E., Alabama
"Am very pleased after one day!" Mr. A.L., New York
"Excellent quality and craftsmanship!" Mr. J.D., Illinois

"Perfect working condition." Mr. W.E., Alabama
"Wonderful quality." Mr. W.E., Alabama
"Bright picture with excellent color." Mr. W.E., Alabama

We reprint here every single comment about the performance of Sony color TV that we received on Tuesday, Feb. 8. Two unhappy comments and 154 happy-to-ecstatic ones.

All were written on the warranty cards returned to us by recent purchasers 400 additional cards with no comments presumably came from happy owners. Grand total 554 yes's, 2 no's. It was a typical day.

We're pleased, of course. But not surprised. Because our all-solid-state Trinitron system is so radically different, it gives you a radically different color picture.

And the chance that you'll love it is excellent. About 554 to 2.



TRINITRON
SONY COLOR TV



SHIRLEY MACLAINE



WARREN BEATTY



LORNE GREENE



EVA GABOR

A Show Business Who's Who for Whom

WHATEVER the cause, a quick way of raising funds is to employ the entertainment talents and instant recognition value of show business celebrities. Well aware of that, presidential candidates increasingly seek their services. So far this year, South Dakota Senator George McGovern has used the stars most effectively, dispatching a money-raising road show organized by Actor Warren Beatty. Its kick-off concert in Los Angeles last week starred Barbra Streisand, James Taylor and Carole King—and took in a handy \$300,000. But all of the contenders have a star following. A partial listing of who's who for whom:

GEORGE MCGOVERN—Jack Albertson, Ed Ames, Polly Bergen, Karen Black, Red Buttons, Mike Connors, Tony Curtis, Cass Elliot, Tony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara, Elliott Gould, Tammy Grimes, Gene Hackman, Julie Harris, Goldie Hawn, Dustin Hoffman, Marsha Hunt, James Earl Jones, Quincy Jones, Elia Kazan, Sally Kellerman, Gene Kelly, Eartha Kitt, Burt Lancaster, Tom Lehrer, Alan Jay Lerner, Shirley MacLaine, Karl Malden, Shelly Manne, Freddie March, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Vera Miles, Paul Newman, Jack Nicholson, Tom Poston, Janice Rule, Barbara Rush, Robert Ryan, Eva Marie Saint, Artie Shaw, Tom Smothers, Sonny & Cher, Rod Steiger, Marlo Thomas, Lily Tomlin, Robert Vaughn, Jon Voight, Eli Wallach, Ruth Warlick, Dennis Weaver, Raquel Welch, Gene Wilder.

EDMUND MUSKIE—Jim Backus, Gene Barry, Jackie Cooper, Richard Crenna, Dom DeLuise, Henry Fonda, Peter Fonda, Jack Lemmon, Darren McGavin, Greg Morris, Ryan O'Neal, Edward G. Robinson, Leslie Uggams, Dionne Warwick, Shelley Winters, Natalie Wood.

HUBERT HUMPHREY—Edie Adams, Billy Daniels, Jimmy Durante, Percy Faith, Eva Gabor, Robert Goulet, Lorne Greene, Trini Lopez, Dick Shawn.

RICHARD NIXON—June Allyson, Richard Arlen, Frankie Avalon, Edgar Bergen, Joan Blondell, Ray Bolger, Pat Boone, Les Brown, Hoagy Carmichael, Cyd Charisse, Arlene Dahl, Dennis Day, Yvonne de Carlo, Don DeFore, William Demarest, Andy Devine, Joanne Dru, Irene Dunne, Clint Eastwood, Rhonda Fleming, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Virginia Grey, June Haver, Hildegarde, Bob Hope, Sammy Kaye, Lainie Kazan, Dorothy Lamour, Art Linkletter, Fred MacMurray, Gordon MacRae, Tony Martin, Virginia Mayo, Ann Miller, Mary Ann Mobley, Terry Moore, Ken Murray, Lloyd Nolan, Hugh O'Brian, John Payne, Walter Pidgeon, Gene Raymond, Cesar Romero, Red Skelton, Julie Sommars, James Stewart, Rudy Vallee, Hal Wallis, John Wayne.



RYAN O'NEAL



LESLIE UGGAMS



JOHN WAYNE



TERRY MOORE

IMMIGRATION

Detroit Crackdown

To study in the U.S. has for generations been the dream of the young in many lands; currently, 145,000 foreign students are resident in the U.S., most of them of college age. For those living in Detroit, the dream has lately become a nightmare. In an unprecedented official crackdown, agents of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service have been rounding up foreign students who are working illegally. The INS work rules, mostly ignored earlier, are being enforced because so many native Detroiters are out of jobs themselves.

Michigan's INS Deputy Director Armand Saturelli says the number of citizens complaining increased as the unemployment rate in the state spiraled upward. The March unemployment rate in Detroit went to 8.8%, and reached 9% statewide—both signifi-

cantly above the 5.9% national unemployment figure. Foreign students who need to work to support themselves must first get special work permits, but even with such a permit they cannot work more than 20 hours a week on an off-campus job (except during summer vacations). To retain their student visas they are also required to carry a full load of semester hours during their stay. Moreover, the permits, say the students, are hard to obtain.

Though students from 26 nations are being investigated in the Detroit INS action, and those deported have come from Great Britain, Ghana, Taiwan, Lebanon, Mexico, Jordan and Venezuela, the brunt of the enforcement has fallen on students from India, who make up from one-third to half of the 2,000 foreigners enrolled in the city's colleges. During a roundup in March, 61 students were interrogated by INS agents, 48 of them were from India. Of those students caught during the month, 14 have had voluntary depart-

ure dates set, 38 were permitted to stay and nine cases are still under review for deportation.

The large and well-organized Indian community in Detroit responded to the INS thrust by raising \$2,600 in pledges and donations that will be used to pay bail bonds and to help needy students over financial humps. Some of the community's leaders have complained to Michigan Senator Philip Hart and Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Hart called the Detroit crackdown "rather harsh and drastic," and urged that students from developing countries be allowed to hold jobs "in order to take advantage of the educational system" in the U.S. The State Department, concerned about international repercussions, has denied that Detroit is the start of a national trend. Officials of the Department argue that the Detroit action was in direct response to local pressure, and termed the situation "unique."

AMERICAN SCENE

Making Moonshine in Kentucky

Moonshining is as much a part of the national folklore as the covered wagon. Although "moonshiner" originally meant Englishmen who ran brandy and gin along the North Sea coast toward the end of the 18th century, it came to have special application in America to the men who made illegal whiskey—quite literally by the light of the moon. While their ranks have been decimated, a few moonshiners still ply their illicit trade in the deep recesses of Appalachia. Feeling rather like David Livingstone in search of the Nile's source, Correspondent William Friedman was blindfolded and led through the labyrinthine Eastern Kentucky hills to meet one of the last of those who brew "white lightning" in hidden caves. His report.

THE battered old sedan wound its way along a narrow ribbon of dirt road in Clay County's back country. On the way, the former sheriff who had agreed to produce an authentic moonshiner spoke with real pride of the man's wares. "His whiskey's good stuff—crystal clear," he said. "Stinks to high heaven, but if you can get past the smell, it'll set you on your head or butt faster 'n he'd blow your innards out for smil-

summoned her husband. His face was a study in seams and his hands were encrusted with years of grit. He wore a green plaid coat, bib overalls tucked into high rubber boots and a John Deere cap. He was immediately suspicious, but loosened up when the sheriff told him, with a perfectly straight face, that the visitor was a distant relative from Chicago.

"I'm 68 years old now," the moon-

BROWN BROTHERS

rowing experience in the mines taught him to stay away from coal. "A big eight-ton hunk fell right on five of us. They had to blow it off with dyneemite. I came back up here that night and never went back."

He tried farming and cutting timber, but acid from strip mining had all but ruined the land. So he began selling his corn liquor to the whiskey runners. He now has two basic markets: those counties in Kentucky that have elected to remain dry, and the Kentucky-bred laborers in Cincinnati, Louisville and even Chicago who have never lost their taste for homemade corn. He no longer tries to run his whiskey. "Back in '47," he recalled, "I was driving this Army truck and I smacked broadside into a state cop with three gallons under my seat. He took my license, but he never found the stuff. Since that day, I never went back to get my license." All he knows is that every so often a man in an old Chrysler pulls up, wraps the jars in brown paper and places them in the trunk, which has been relined to carry more than 200 half-gallons. The moonshiner receives \$5 a jar from the runner, who resells it for \$8 and up.

Making moonshine is hard work. The man and his two sons (both of whom have served short jail sentences for making illegal whiskey) begin with a 25-lb. sack of corn meal, which they scald and pour into a large wooden box. When the mash cools, they add a peck of ground sprouted malt corn and fill the box half full with water. Then they add 50 lbs. of granulated sugar, fill the box to the top with water, cover it with a pan to keep prowling animals out, and let it sit for six days. By then the mixture, known as "still beer," is ready to run. Says the old moonshiner proudly: "My whiskey's got a mighty good taste. If it's made right, it's better than any Government whiskey you drunk in your life." With a savor somewhere between kerosene and old overshoe, it is definitely an acquired taste.

The same cannot always be said of the product brewed by his competitors. Says Fred Murrell of the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division: "We've found them making it in hog pens—harder for an agent to sniff it out that way. Sometimes there are rotted varmints in the shine. Why, the basic commodity is so raunchy, the public hasn't the foggiest idea how bad the stuff really is." However, moonshining is becoming less and less of a problem. In 1959 Government agents "cut" (smashed up) 9,225 stills; the number smashed dwindled to 3,327 in 1971. As the old man quietly notes: "All the old generation has just about died out, and the young pull out. Maybe they work timber for a time, or maybe they mine. But them that can go." When they go, they leave behind the last of the silent, durable old men who make corn likker by the light of the moon.



RAIDING PARTY AFTER DISMANTLING A STILL NEAR KODAK, KY. (1890)

ing courtin'-like at his daughters. When I was high sheriff, I put the ax to at least 300 stills, but I never did his, he bein' my kin. One time he and his old woman had a fallin' out, and she come down to get a warrant. See, he gets to drinkin' his own likker and come home and beats on her, and she gets all hot and comes down and tells the law where he's got his still hid. So I said I'd go get him, but I never did."

In the moonshiner's community, coal smoke rises in thin gray wisps from stovepipes that jut through corrugated roofs. The houses are mostly unpainted clapboard decorated with weathered old Camel and Chesterfield signs; many are on stilts. The yards are strewn with empty cans, bottles, cartons, boxes. Chickens peck around them and in the meager patches of corn and tobacco plants. At the moonshiner's cabin, the approaching car sent two barefoot girls scurrying to their mother, who in turn

shiner said as he scratched a hound's ear. "Lived on this knob all my life." His mother still lives there too, but his father died a heroic moonshiner's death in 1951. "My daddy made his own likker," he explained, "and died at 64 on a big drunk. Stayed drunk for 13 days on his own bottles; stuff was so strong must've burned his insides out."

The old mountaineer learned to make whiskey when he was twelve, drifted into moonshining for profit by an economic process of elimination. "I always figured I'd get away from this here place just like my brothers did," he said. "Reason why I never did is every time I went somewhere I'd drink up what I worked for in beer joints." He used to cut timber and work in the coal mines as a loader, and even went to Baltimore toward the end of World War II to work in the shipyards ("That was in '45. I think. That's when that war was in Germany, ain't it?"). After the war a har-

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Making of a Martyr

THE angry fates attending Northern Ireland conspired again last week to plunge that unhappy province back over the brink of violence. For nearly a month since Britain's takeover of direct rule, Ulster's Catholics had wavered between supporting the outlawed Irish Republican Army and coming to terms with the British. But the nascent good will toward London for replacing the hated Protestant-dominated Parliament at Stormont was clearly a fragile feeling. Almost any incident could spark a renewed flare-up of hatred in the Catholic community—and last week, with a certain inevitability, that flare-up was touched off. By a single death, the I.R.A. gained a martyr, and the British were put on the verge of losing their latest bid to bring peace to bloody Ulster.

The dead man was Joseph McCann, 25, commander of the first battalion of the I.R.A.'s Marxist-leaning Official wing in Belfast. A semilegendary hero to the I.R.A. gunmen, he had eluded capture by the British for more than two years—a fact that spawned his nickname, "Joe the Fox." It was said that he had shot as many as 15 British soldiers. McCann's luck ran out when police plainclothesmen spotted him in a narrow Belfast thoroughfare called Joy Street. As he tried to run, he was shot and killed by soldiers.

Catholic eyewitnesses contended that McCann—who was unarmed at the time—was first shot in the legs and then murdered, with at least ten shots pumped into his body. The British army declined comment, pending an inquest.

Public Drama. The I.R.A. extracted a maximum of public drama from his funeral. Gunmen patrolled the Turf Lodge area of West Belfast where McCann's body lay in state in an apartment. The *Irish News* ran an entire page of messages of sympathy, many from interned I.R.A. fighters. An estimated 2,000 mourners—including black-belted I.R.A. fighters and uniformed girls of the *Fianna na Eireann*, a sort of junior I.R.A.—marched in the funeral cortege, while another 3,000 watched from the sidewalks. Civil Rights Firebrand Bernadette Devlin, who had been sentenced *in absentia* the day before to six months in jail for taking part in an illegal march in February (but still had 14 days to appeal), turned up to march in the procession.

McCann was buried in an I.R.A. plot in Belfast's big Catholic cemetery, next to the graves of two teen-agers who were killed when a bomb they were making exploded last year. Around the grave was a huge pile of flowers, and

all 21 I.R.A. companies stood silently at attention as a bugler sounded the *Last Post*. Cathal Goulding, the Dublin-based chief of staff of the I.R.A. Officials, delivered the funeral oration. Clad in a red sweater, his long hair blowing in the breeze, Goulding declaimed that McCann had been "shot like a dog by the agents of imperialism."

In revenge for McCann's death, I.R.A. snipers killed three British soldiers, and set off a new upsurge of violence. In all, there were more than 250 shooting incidents last week. Most of them were apparently begun by the Official wing of the I.R.A., which prefers bullets to bombs, the favorite tactical weapon of the Provisionals. In one particularly grisly act, a corporal in the Ulster Defense Regiment, the largely Protestant provincial militia, was kidnapped and murdered, and his body booby-trapped with 475 lbs. of explosives (a British bomb-disposal squad successfully dismantled the devices). In addition, two teen-age girls who are engaged to British soldiers were abducted by I.R.A. women, shorn of their hair, and daubed with paint and feathers.

As the level of violence soared, pessimists feared that McCann's death might prove to be a milestone like Jan. 30, when 13 Catholics at a demonstration were killed by British troops. "Bloody Sunday" fueled the winter's worst rash of bombings and eventually led the British to impose direct rule. Reporting last week on his inquiry into that sorry episode, Britain's Lord Chief Justice Lord Widgery blamed the Catholic civil rights demonstrators for creating a "highly dangerous situation" with their illegal march, and some of the troops for action that "bordered on the reckless." But he judged that the first shot had come from a sniper and, on evidence from laboratory tests, that at least five of the dead had either fired weapons or been near someone who had done so, although no firearms were found on any of the bodies. Lord Widgery also ruled that at least four of the victims had been shot "without justification." But he found no evidence of conspiracy to kill on the part of the British troops, and "no general breakdown" in discipline.

The Widgery Report, which British ministers hailed as "vindication" for the army, further



MOURNERS AT CASKET OF JOE MCCANN



MCCANN'S BODY LYING IN STATE
A milestone on a violent path.

THE WORLD

flamed the tempers of Ulster Catholics, who called it a whitewash. Nothing would shake their conviction that British troops had shot down unarmed civilians without provocation. Bernadette Devlin saw Widgery as "the latest in a long line of British establishment liars." Nationalist Party Leader Eddie McAteer scoffed that "we were lucky he did not also find that the 13 committed suicide." All of which meant that the British government once again faced a crisis of confidence in its relations with Ulster's half million angry Catholics.

FRANCE

Oui to the EEC

The wording of the "Referendum on Europe" submitted to French voters was as flat as an overcooked soufflé: "Do you approve within the new perspectives opening in Europe the proposed law submitted to the French people by the President of the Republic, authorizing the ratification of the treaty relative to the entry of Great Britain, Denmark, Ireland and Norway into the European community?"

Few Frenchmen, though, missed the implications of the first national referendum conducted since Georges Pompidou succeeded Charles de Gaulle as President of the Fifth Republic. In view of France's seven-year presidential term, occasional popular votes are desirable to infuse a measure of excitement into the body politic—and, perhaps, to demonstrate the viability of the President's mandate. De Gaulle himself called for five referendums during his term of office, resigning after the fifth when the voters surprisingly rejected a program for government reform on which De Gaulle had demanded a vote of confidence.

The substantive issue of Pompidou's

first referendum, held last Sunday, was not as controversial as De Gaulle's last. By now, most Frenchmen assume the expansion of the Market to be a *fait accompli*. The only real question was how many of the 30 million eligible voters could be lured away from "le weekend" and "la résidence secondaire" to vote in what their President insisted was a pressing matter. The expectation was that about 60% of the voters would go to the polls, with about two-thirds of them in favor.

The issue itself was never much in doubt. The treaty of accession admitting the four new Common Market members could have been routinely ratified by the French Parliament. But Pompidou had political ends in mind. One was to demonstrate by popular vote his shift away from De Gaulle's old and increasingly unpopular anti-British foreign policy. Another was to increase Pompidou's own luster. To whip up a large *oui* vote, he made his first provincial tour as President, but crowds on a 30-town tour of Lorraine were neither large nor passionate—in part, perhaps, because Pompidou's speechmaking was mediocre.

Pompidou also sought to split his opposition, and he succeeded. The French Communist Party ordered its partisans to vote *non*, in order to signify their rejection both of European capitalism and Pompidou's "social regression." Socialists, on the other hand, decided to abstain, and parties of the center were divided. It remained for the Gaullists to turn out the decisive *oui* and thereby provide Pompidou with demonstrable proof of his popular support when European leaders meet in Paris next October to draw up terms for turning the Six into the Ten.

□ □ □

Last week British Prime Minister Edward Heath also won a small but helpful vote of confidence on the EEC. Pro-Market Labor Party M.P.s, led by the rebellious Roy Jenkins (TIME, April 24), abstained on an anti-Market resolution, proposed by a group of backbench Tories who are fighting Heath on British membership, that would have submitted Britain's entry into EEC to a national referendum. The handy margin of Heath's victory on the vote—284 to 235—suggests that Britain's formal entry into the Ten will proceed unimpeded.

That inevitability has not quashed the passions of anti-Market Britons. Last week a determined group of them boarded the ferryboat *Invicta* at Dover and sailed across the English Channel to Calais to demonstrate against Britain's entry into the Common Market. The police were sanguine when the demonstrators unfurled banners reading "L'Entente Cordiale mais pas un mariage." But when they began to shout "Down with Pompidou!" French flies rushed aboard the ferry, tossed the banners overboard and reportedly roughed up some of the passengers.



OUTGOING PRIME MINISTER ERIM

TURKEY

Democracy with Rules

Turkish Prime Minister Nihat Erim was not terribly surprised last week when a message from President Cevdet Sunay was rushed to him at Ankara airport. Erim had just said goodbye to Soviet President Nikolai V. Podgorny, who flew home after a week of inconclusive negotiations over a proposed Soviet-Turkish friendship treaty. Ceremonies completed, Erim tore open the envelope to learn that he was being relieved as Prime Minister because of his "extreme fatigue."

Actually, Erim had been trying to resign for more than a week; he had agreed to remain on the job only to handle the Podgorny visit. Whatever fatigue he felt was caused by his unsuccessful efforts to deal with an obstructionist Parliament that refused to approve his tax- and land-reform measures and sought to prevent him from using the alternative—ruling by decree.

Erim's resignation and Sunay's search for a successor who would continue the departed Prime Minister's "above party" approach to government produced a new political crisis for Turkey. For 50 years the country has been effectively run from behind the scenes by the military, which last year turned out Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel (for not cracking down hard enough on dissenters) and installed the then virtually unknown Erim, a former law professor. Officially, Turkey is a parliamentary democracy, but the four main parties are so fractiously divided that little in the way of creative change is possible. Because Parliament so strongly opposed his reform programs, Erim had tried to resign twice before receiving last week's letter from the

POMPIDOU ON TOUR OF LORRAINE



"To go after big business you need confidence. We get a lot of it from our bank."

Speaker: Clint Penny, President, Wescom, Inc.: "In 1965 we started with two employees. Today, we employ over five hundred people in three different countries.

"Our primary interest is in the electronics area of the telephone communications industry. Most of the equipment we manufacture is developed from the conceptual stage: Our customers tell us what their requirements are; we develop and deliver the product. This takes a lot of confidence in ourselves.

"But it doesn't stop there. It takes financial confidence. And that's where Continental Bank comes in. Thanks to Continental, we can go out and approach a potential customer *regardless of the size of his needs* and not worry about financing. The money will be there if we need it. We just call our Continental Bank officer and get his O.K. From then on, it's a matter of salesmanship."

Vice-President Alan Brown: "Another advantage that

Continental offers is its reputation. Because we're a young company rapidly expanding in both domestic and overseas markets, we are constantly involved with new customers. Understandably, they want an outside evaluation of our capabilities.

We tell them 'call Continental Bank.' Without revealing any competitive data, Continental has always been able to give them the assurance they need. It really means something when you have a bank like Continental behind you."

Bob Swanson, Wescom's Continental officer: "When we started working with Wescom in 1968, they had reached that stage of growth where they couldn't keep up their rate of expansion without the comprehensive services of a big bank. We recognized a management team that was going places—we went with them.

"Today Wescom usually relies on their cash-flow for expansion needs. But when the big contracts come along—you can bet we'll back them."

If you're a growing company that wants the extra big-bank confidence that Continental can offer, call our business development specialist, Ken Rudnick, Vice President, at 312/828-4082. He'll tell you exactly what Continental can do for you.



For \$140 you can be some



*All prices are per person, based on double occupancy. Effective April 14 through June 9, fares subject to CAB approval. (Not available Memorial Day weekend.) \$3 tax to San Juan is additional.

body else this weekend.



There's a band by the pool, and somebody is dancing barefoot, falling into the pool, laughing with cordial strangers. And that somebody is you. Or maybe you're the somebody leaning against the ship's rail as the lights of Freeport Harbor twinkle closer and closer. You can be anybody you want to be. Because some fine Friday soon, you can jump on an Eastern flight, leaving your Saturday chores and your Sunday blues, and even yourself behind, and not come back until Monday. Details are no problem. Because Eastern has them all figured out. Money is no problem, because the prices here even include round-trip weekend air fare (Coach/Tourist Excursion). So all you have to do is choose the somebody you'd like to be.

Be somebody hip this weekend.

\$140* including air fare.

Dance nonstop in the Playmate Lounge. Sip a free cocktail at the Celebrity Bar, or have breakfast with a free split of champagne in your oversized bed. You're at the Playboy Plaza in Miami, you devil.

Be somebody privileged this weekend.

\$130* including air fare.

Use the tennis courts, the lounges, the pool, the bicycles, without paying a penny extra. Have free continental breakfasts served on your terrace. You're at the Sonesta Beach Hotel, in Key Biscayne.

Be somebody private this weekend.

\$159* including air fare.

You want to be alone in your private apartment with its private terrace. Just you, and the maids who spiff things up while you're touring Old San Juan. You're at the Diener Tower, in Puerto Rico.

Be somebody innocent this weekend.

\$162 to \$176* including air fare.

Romp through the Magic Kingdom with a fistful of tickets that let you do things for free (\$20.00 worth). You're at the motel of your choice near Walt Disney World, with either a rental car (no mileage charge) or 3 free round trips by bus.

Be somebody demanding this weekend.

\$189 to \$215* including air fare.

Ask the band for your favorite song. Order outrageous things to eat (it's all included). You're on the M.S. Sunward, cruising from Miami to Nassau and back. (With time to tour Nassau, of course.)

Be somebody special this weekend.

Be relaxed, in the hands of the second largest passenger carrier of all the airlines in the free world. All you have to do is call your travel agent or Eastern (Chicago, 467-2900) and arrange for your nonstop getaway to Miami, Orlando or San Juan. But most of all, be somebody else, who's having a weekend of fun. Because you have certainly earned it.



EASTERN
The Wings of Man.

*"The Wings of Man" is a registered service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

Texaco presents the Metropolitan Opera's salute to Sir Rudolf Bing.



On April 30, the world's great opera stars will perform highlights of the Metropolitan Opera Gala for Sir Rudolf Bing on CBS-TV.

For the last 22 years, Sir Rudolf, General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, has been a dynamic force in the cultural life of the country. Now he is about to retire. To commemorate this event, many of the world's

great opera stars will gather at the Met to pay tribute to the great impresario in the best way they can, with individual performances of their most famous roles. Texaco, which sponsors the Metropolitan Opera radio broadcasts each season, is especially pleased to bring you the most stirring moments of Sir Rudolf Bing's farewell in a one-hour CBS-TV special.



Tune in the Texaco Metropolitan Opera Gala, April 30, CBS-TV.

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President. Both times the army persuaded him to stay on.

Adding to Turkey's political malaise is the increasing activity of left-wing urban guerrilla groups, many of them composed of students or graduates from the universities. The guerrillas last year carried out a campaign of violence that culminated in the kidnapping of Israeli Consul General Ephraim Elrom. Terrorist Leader Mahir Cayan and a cadre of guerrillas from an organization called the Turkish People's Liberation Army were convicted of that crime and were in Istanbul's Maltape Prison awaiting final sentencing. But they escaped four months ago, kidnapped three NATO radar experts serving at a Black Sea base, and took them to a remote mountain village. As army troops closed in, the hostages were shot, all but one of the guerrillas were killed in a subsequent shootout.

The murders of the NATO technicians set off a renewed army crackdown on dissent. Since then, 107 leftists have been arrested. Generals now hold key positions in the police, the state radio and television networks and the government-run airline. Some Turkish intellectuals feel that the military has been somewhat excessive in its zeal to preserve order. The army commander of Ankara, for instance, closed down a display of pictures of President Nixon's China visit, sponsored by the Turkish-American Association. Showings of two U.S. movie classics, *Citizen Kane* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, were halted because their themes were considered too controversial. Reports persist that some antigovernment critics who were jailed in the crackdown have been tortured.

No Tyranny. The Turkish generals and their complacent allies among the politicians insist that the situation in their country should not be compared with that of neighboring Greece, where the colonels rule. "There is no tyranny here, no dictatorship," insists ex-Prime Minister Demirel, who remains head of the Justice Party, which holds the largest number of seats in Parliament. "This is a free country." By and large, the 36 million Turks—the vast majority of them conservative, unsophisticated Moslem villagers—still support what one observer calls "democracy within the rules."

A major reason for their willingness to go along with the military's iron-handed but velvet-gloved rule is Turkey's economic prosperity. Exports (primarily tobacco, textiles, hazelnuts and cotton) have reached a record high, and so has the balance of payments surplus. Tourism will set new records this year despite inadequate hotel space, and a massive suspension bridge is being built across the Bosphorus at Istanbul. Social life in the cities is gay, albeit a trifle restricted. Ankara hostesses, aware that under martial law no one is allowed on the city's streets after the 1:30 a.m. curfew, always make certain that their parties end before that time.

GREECE

Escape by Red Carpet

Shortly before noon, the Luftwaffe JetStar landed at Athens airport and taxied over to the sector operated by the U.S. Air Force. Ostensibly, the JetStar was on a routine diplomatic courier mission, and the three crew members told Greek officials not to bother with passports: "We will be leaving shortly." Then two passengers—a German army major in uniform and a young woman—got off and drove in to Athens.

Just as the plane arrived, the Athens Court of Misdemeanors happened to be hearing the case of Prisoner George-Alexander Mangakis, 49. Mangakis, who was serving an 18-year prison term for attempting to topple the Greek military regime, had requested a temporary suspension of his sentence for reasons of health. After doctors testified that he was in danger of losing

to let the famous prisoner go (Mangakis is a close friend of West German Federal Cabinet Minister Horst Ehmke). Such arrangements, at U.S., French or British instigation, had previously resulted in the release of Professor Andreas Papandreu, Composer Mikis Theodorakis and Lady Amalia Fleming.

The regime of Dictator George Papadopoulos,* however, evidently took umbrage at the red carpet treatment accorded Mangakis; ambassadors, after all, do not usually see political prisoners off. Charging that "some foreigners and their lackeys" had carried out "an unprecedented act of gangsterism," it abruptly declared Ambassador Limbourg *persona non grata*. Limbourg, as surprised as everyone else, suffered a mild heart attack. At week's end the West German Foreign Ministry agreed to recall Limbourg.

The Greek Foreign Ministry also lashed out briefly at the U.S. The use of the American base at Athens airport in the incident, it said, violated "both the letter and the spirit of the U.S.-Greek bases treaty." The U.S. is currently negotiating to incorporate home port privileges for the U.S. Navy into the treaty. After the U.S. protested its innocence, however, the regime formally absolved the Americans of involvement in the affair.



MANGAKIS AT COURT HEARING
A champagne flight.

his eyesight, the judges granted an eight-month remission of the prison term. Mangakis, after all, was no ordinary convict: a German-educated Greek university professor, he is regarded as a world authority on penal law.

After the hearing, the professor drove home with his wife Angheliki, who had already served a year in jail for claiming that her husband had been tortured. They were met by the German woman and driven to the waiting plane, where West German Ambassador Peter Limbourg, 56, saw them off. Champagne corks popped and four hours later Mangakis was in West Germany, waiting to take up a new post at the University of Heidelberg.

When the news of Mangakis' departure broke, it was assumed that the regime had secretly negotiated with Bonn

SOUTH AFRICA

White Tribalism

South Africa's Afrikaners lost the Boer War of 1899-1902 but won the country. Even so, they remain suspicious of the English-speaking white minority, and in moments of political stress, the Afrikaners—whose native tongue is related to Dutch—trot out their sacred tribal memories of the bloody fighting between Boer and Briton. Thus last week, in the midst of a parliamentary debate, Defense Minister Piet Botha declared that there were elements of the predominantly English United Party "who hate the Afrikaner." An opposition member replied, "You're a scandalous liar," and walked out. One M.P. addressed another as "the Honorable Maggot." Other Afrikaner members of the ruling National Party carried on the verbal war, calling English M.P.s "Baboons" and "Jingoes."

Speaking to a gathering of Afrikaners, Prime Minister John Vorster took the *Boerehaat* (Boer hate) campaign a step further. "Because of the things that threaten us," he cried, "we need a militant youth." Then he quoted a line from an old Boer war song: "I've always been afraid the English soldiers would catch me," adding: "If there's any catching to be done, we will do it, and the time has now come!"

The outbreak of white tribalism

*Which last week celebrated its fifth anniversary with speeches advertising how it had regained worldwide respect for Greece's sovereignty.

THE WORLD

seemed especially curious because South Africa's political mood has mellowed in recent years. Opposition leaders suspected that the renewal of *Boerehaat* could be traced to the troubles of the Afrikaner-dominated National Party, which lost eight seats in the 1970 election and faces continuing tension between its moderate *verligte* (enlightened) and archconservative *verkramp* (narrow-minded) wings.

Boer War barnstorming seemed to be paying off for the Nationalist leaders. At last week's special election in Oudtshoorn, an Afrikaner stronghold 278 miles east of Cape Town, the National Party candidate defeated both his United Party opponent and a right-wing Afrikaner splinter candidate by an unusually wide margin. "An inspiring test of strength," beamed Prime Minister Vorster. Opposition leaders, though, insisted that Oudtshoorn—which is best known in South Africa for the ostriches it raises—was hardly an index of the national mood. "The Afrikaners here will get a shock," said one United Party politician. "when they, like their ostriches, take their heads out of the sand."

INDIA

Surrender of the Dacoits

India's Chambal Valley south of New Delhi has for nearly 1,000 years been a homeland to the feared dacoits—professional bandits for whom murder and robbery are a tradition as well as a way of life. Conventional police methods have persistently failed to control the dacoits, but twelve years ago, a saintly follower of Mahatma Gandhi—Acharya Vinoba Bhave—gently persuaded some of the bandits to give themselves up. Last week another Gandhi disciple named Jayaprakash Narayan arranged for a much larger group of dacoits to surrender voluntarily. TIME Correspondent William Stewart was the only American newsmen to witness the scene and talk with the bandits. His report:

Travelers venture along the winding dirt roads of the Chambal Valley at their peril. The sharp ravines provide good hiding places for fugitives from the law. In 1971 alone, India's notorious dacoits committed 285 murders, 352 kidnappings and 213 robberies, all within an area smaller than the state of Maryland. Arable land in the valley is obviously precious, and it is not difficult to see how disputes over ownership became blood feuds when the valley's temperamental Rajputs resorted to sudden murder over real or imagined wrongs.

Police operations have sometimes been massive—at one point more than 2,000 policemen were searching for a bandit named Man Singh—but never very successful. The campaigns were frustrated as much by the local people,

who regard the bandits as *baghis* (rebels) rather than thieves, as by the cunning of the dacoit gangs. The bandits, many of whom like to take from the rich and give to the poor in Robin Hood tradition, carefully cultivate local good will, rewarding villagers with presents at weddings. But they are also ruthless in eliminating suspected informers.

At a government guesthouse in the village of Jaura, deep in dacoit country, I talked with Jayaprakash Narayan, 69, director of the Gandhi Institute of Studies and once a prominent Socialist politician. He is a man of simple and transparent goodness.

Last October, Narayan told me, he had been visited by a man claiming to be a lesser dacoit. The visitor pleaded with him to come to the Chambal Valley and negotiate the bandits' surrender.

past two months, could you tell me?"

After lunch, a guide took us to the bandits' staging camp at Gherora. Despite the 105° heat, the village was thronged with people who had come to see the dacoits and the surrender ceremonies. In a tiny room atop one of the houses we found Madho Singh. A tall, lithe figure, he was dressed in a police uniform and carried an automatic rifle. Asked if he had qualms about surrendering, Madho Singh said: "Whatever we say we'll do, we go ahead with it, even if it means death for us. Sometimes we are scared of jail, but we remember that our great national leaders underwent the same incarceration. I tell the rebels who are scared of jail to think of it as a house you have rented. You don't even have to pay the rent." Almost shyly, Madho Singh admitted that he liked



MADHO SINGH (TALL MAN AT LEFT) & FELLOW DACOITS BEFORE SURRENDER
Think of jail as a house you have rented.

Police pressure was increasing and could only mean more bloodshed. Narayan remained unmoved until the bandit admitted that he was really Madho Singh, 35, one of India's most wanted men, with a price of \$21,000 on his head. Singh said that the dacoits were ready to surrender if the government would promise not to hang any of the men, to prosecute within six months, and to rehabilitate their families. Impressed, Narayan agreed to undertake the task.

Along a dirt road outside Jaura is the Gandhian ashrama known as the Change of Heart Mission. Under a makeshift but colorful tent, we lunched on vegetables and rice served on plates of dried banyan leaves. There I met a former bandit whom Vinoba Bhave had persuaded to surrender. "Did you ever kill anyone?" I asked. "Naturally, I killed policemen," he answered. "How many?" "If I asked you how many pieces of bread you've eaten in the

to write poetry and planned to write a book on the Chambal Valley in prison.

The next morning, before a crowd of 10,000, Madho Singh mounted the raised public platform, placed his weapon at the feet of Narayan and asked the crowd for forgiveness. His mustache was gone and so was the police uniform. Then he touched the feet of the police chief, and surrendered. At the end of the day, 167 dacoits were in jail. Said Narayan: "They are all like children."

The Indian government is reluctant to reveal what kind of deal it made with the bandits, but it is believed to have promised commutation of all death sentences the courts might hand down. It will also assume care of dacoit families and provide scholarships for their children. At week's end, New Delhi indicated that it would undertake a \$170 million redevelopment program for the Chambal Valley, aimed at countering the desperate poverty that led many of the dacoits to lives of violence.

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Grilled Chicken Broccoli	2 minutes



DINNER	
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PEOPLE

There were 350 people in the Atrium of Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the fourth annual Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Awards lunch—and the Kennedys dominated them all. **Teddy**, with his sisters **Eunice Shriver** and **Jean Smith**, were magnets to the old Kennedy hands, and **Ethel**, who had broken her leg while skiing, joked in a wheelchair. **Kathleen** (R.F.K.'s eldest) was the quintessential Radcliffe girl in granny glasses and flowing hair. Eldest son **Joe**—being nudged more and more into the family spotlight—gracefully presented bronze busts of his father to the winners. But it was the indomitable 81-year-old **Rose** who out-Kennedied them all. After catnapping ever so lightly through some of the preliminaries, she rose to speak for the family. "I feel a little like old wine," she mused in that throaty voice. "My family keeps me stored away until there's a special occasion."

Russian Poet **Yevgeny Yevtushenko** was impressed by the Apollo 16 launch, but what really grabbed him was his visit to the launch pad the night before, accompanied by Apollo 15 Astronaut **David Scott** and a bottle of champagne. He forgot to open the bottle, so moved was he by "the white, tender body of the rocket, supported by the clumsy, tender hands of its red tower. It was like big brother embracing his sister before going a long way. It was a great impression." And that was not all. The tower was also "a sea crab that accidentally found on the bottom of the sea a rare and unusual white pearl it was holding in its clumsy claw." According to Yevtushenko, Astronaut Scott exclaimed: "It's absolutely what I feel, but I didn't express it."

He is *Prudent who is Patient* is the motto of the British House of Leicester. So patient was the second Earl of Leicester that he spent all of his 67 years in the House of Lords waiting for something to say. His son, the third Earl was equally silent for 32 years. The fourth Earl kept up the family tradition, but the legendary Leicester patience has at last run out. The present Earl, 63-year-old **Thomas William Edward Coke** has risen after only 22 years of silence to make his maiden speech. His subject: pollution. "I hope we shall use safer chemicals in place of those which have devastated the countryside," he said.

"As a foster child of ten, I dreamed that someday I would be the guest of honor at just such an affair, talking about the struggles of my childhood and how I overcame them. I particularly liked the part in my dreams when I gave myself a standing ovation." Humorist **Art Buchwald**, 46, was telling it like it had been to the sesquicentennial brunch

of New York's Jewish Child Care Association. His fantasy that he was really a Rothschild who had been kidnaped by gypsies didn't quite come true, but as a columnist for the *Paris Herald Tribune*, "I lived it up with the international set, sailed on Onassis' yacht, played roulette with King Farouk and danced until dawn with the Duchess of Windsor." And at the end of his speech, he did get that standing ovation.

Aristotle Onassis was unhappy when his 20-year-old daughter, **Christina**, married 47-year-old Los Angeles Land Developer **Joe Bolker** seven months ago. Daddy Onassis was happy when they separated, and she got engaged to 29-year-old German automotive heir **Otto Flick** last month—at least he sounded happy when he announced the engagement and gave the couple a bang-up bash at Maxim's. But is Christina happy? Parisians are wondering whether the Flick flame is flickering—noting that, while Christina is seen around town a lot these nights, it is with various other escorts, such as Brazilian **Paolo Ferrari**.

In the morning, he conducted a three-hour rehearsal of the American Symphony Orchestra at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. In the afternoon, he studied music scores. In the evening, he went to the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel for his party. **Leopold Stokowski**, who only recently acknowledged the five years he had subtracted in middle age, was officially 90 years old. Musical headliners were on hand to pay "Stoky" tribute, and **Dmitry Shostakovich**, **Aram Khachaturian** and **Leonard Bernstein** provided small compositions. Among the 350 guests were Stoky's five children by his three wives—the late **Olga Samaroff**, the former **Evangeline Johnson** and the former **Gloria Vanderbilt**—and four of his nine grandchildren.

"It is not good that the man should be alone," the Lord God said of Adam, "I will make him an help meet for him." British Laborite M.P. **Leslie Huckfield** feels the same way about Bachelor Prime Minister **Edward Heath**; he has raised a question in the House of Commons asking why Heath does not appoint an official hostess to preside at his dinner table and accompany him to official functions. "I feel a bit sorry for Mr. Heath," he says. "The bloke would be much better with a few birds around." Suggestions and propositions for the Prime Minister have followed fast. The Park Lane Escort Agency (200 girls) has offered to waive its \$32.50 fee, and ten patients in Wallasey Hospital for Women have proposed Nurse **Margorie Rowbotham**. But the P.M. is not responding. He seems to be mindful of what happened to Adam.



ORPHAN BUCHWALD AS DREAMER



CHRISTINA STEPS OUT WITH PAOLO



The Bombing Blues

U.S. bombing of the Hanoi-Hai-phong area in retribution for the North Vietnamese invasion provoked fresh editorial skirmishing between Administration critics and supporters. While the differences were as sharp as in the late '60s, hawkish editors and columnists seemed scarcer than before. Generally the hawks backed bombing as the means to hasten the U.S. pullout from Viet Nam, while doves dwelt on the dangers of deeper involvement in the fighting and confrontation with Moscow.

What was "an exercise in folly and futility" to the *New York Times* seemed "a courageous, nonpolitical act" to the *San Diego Union*. The *Los Angeles Times* warned that "B-52s, over Hai-phong cannot buy victory," while the *Arizona Republic* said that "bombs should continue to fall north of the Red River." The *New York Daily News* praised the re-escalated bombing as "a forceful reminder" of U.S. determination, but two other papers of the par-

ent Tribune Co. took a softer line. The flagship *Chicago Tribune* simply noted with satisfaction that "the Communists have taken the very action the President warned against. He has reacted as he said he would." The afternoon paper, *Chicago Today*, raised mildly skeptical questions about Nixon's tactics.

Many editors seemed worried that an old policy might lead to a new entrapment for the U.S. "The notion of bombing Hanoi to the conference table," said the *Minneapolis Tribune*, "is so old, shopworn and discredited that it would be ludicrous if it were not so tragic in its present application." The South has been the region most sympathetic to the war and the military. Now many papers are sounding a disillusioned refrain of the bombing blues. The *Birmingham News* was among the few to give President Nixon unrestrained backing: "Let the voices denounce Hanoi's aggression before they decry America's support of South Viet Nam's resistance." More common were the views of the *Nashville Tennessean* ("Another package of dashed hopes and empty promises") and the *Raleigh News and Observer* (Nixon "owes the people an explanation of his intentions").

A presidential policy statement might in fact have helped to clear things up for the columnists, who could not seem to agree on what to make of the re-escalation. Where Joseph Kraft had Nixon "courting confrontation" with Moscow, James Reston spoke of a "temporary expression of presidential frustration and anger rather than a calculated plan to force a showdown." Victor Zorza, the London-based *Kremlinologist*, saw the bombing strategy as "a

deep game designed to exploit the differences between the hawks and the doves in the Kremlin in order to maneuver Moscow into bringing about a peace settlement in Viet Nam." The *New York Post's* James Wechsler pooh-poohed any pretense of preplanning: "What often seemed a calculated strategy of surprise actually reflects the infirmity of deep insecurity." Responding to Nixon's critics, William F. Buckley Jr. chortled: "The best that can be said about them is that they have been rendered incoherent."

Perhaps last week's most impassioned overreaction came from the *New York Times's* Anthony Lewis: "In my generation we grew up believing in America. The truth is now impossible to escape if we open our eyes: the U.S. is the most dangerous and destructive power in the world."

New Politics, New New Yorker

In more ways than the obvious visual ones, *The New Yorker* since its founding in 1925 has seemed almost immune to dramatic change. It has had only two editors in those 47 years, Harold Ross and the man who took over after Ross's death in 1951, William Shawn. The devotion to low-key fiction and gentlemanly criticism has persisted, as have the horse-racing column and such self-mocking images as Eustace Tilly and an imaginary correspondent called "The Long-Winded Lady."

So would you believe that *The New Yorker* is today one of the most socially activist and politically polemical among major magazines? That it vibrates in tones of tough liberalism and occasionally radical outrage?

"The President," said a recent editorial about busing, "seems determined to keep the people's fear and hatred at the peak until election time, whatever the cost to the nation's children and to its laws." An editorial on the expanded bombing of Viet Nam: "The war that this country's government is waging now is war trivialized . . . and involves us all in the dishonor of killing in a cause we are no longer willing to die for." An article about the Nixon Administration's record on civil liberties, by Richard Harris: "No one can say that the President has willfully set out to undermine the Constitution that he swore to uphold. But how would the results be different if he had?"

"The *New Yorker* has always run articles about public issues," Editor Shawn says; the magazine can cite such warnings as Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* ten years ago. But Shawn agrees that both the urgency and frequency of political pieces have increased sharply. In his view, the turning point was the 1970 Cambodian

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invasion. Richard Goodwin, once a Kennedy speechwriter, wrote a denunciation of Nixon's "usurpation" of power; Shawn used it as an editorial. After that "Notes and Comment," once the fluffiest lead-in to each issue, frequently became the magazine's most somber instrument.

The change coincided with some of the roughest weather *The New Yorker* had ever encountered in the narrow, sometimes viciously choppy New York publishing pond. Back in 1965, *New York* had run Tom Wolfe's satiric attack on Shawn and his magazine. Though shallow and unfair, Wolfe's article generated talk and crystallized the notion that *The New Yorker* had become musty and irrelevant. Then, in the late '60s, like other magazines, it began experiencing a money crunch. It continued to be profitable, but income shrank dramatically.*

Outsiders naturally assumed that Shawn's response to adversity was new

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EDITOR WILLIAM SHAWN
Tones of tough liberalism.

politics for *The New Yorker*—an impression strengthened by an advertising campaign that emphasized the stinging prose. But Shawn and his staff insist that there was no connection. "Even when things were at their worst," Shawn told *TIME*'s Horace Judson recently, "I have never felt any pressure. I can't imagine what the pressure could have been. I did hear murmurings in the background, people in the advertising community who thought we were too sedate in our appearance. But we liked the way we looked. We always felt

*Ad pages fell 40%, 1966 to 1971. Profits went from \$10.93 per share in 1966 to a loss of \$3.69 in 1970 before turning up to \$8.02 last year. Circulation, which had hovered around 475,000 for more than a decade, also took a slight tumble in 1970 before righting itself at 474,788 last year. At the recent annual meeting, stockholders were told that both circulation and advertising would be up slightly in the first half of 1972.

that we were in advance in what we said."

As Shawn and his writers agree, the real reason for *The New Yorker*'s political preoccupation lies in the subtle relation between them. *The New Yorker*, with hardly any hierarchical structure, could be described as a participatory dictatorship. Though Shawn shapes the magazine each week ("I approve everything we publish"), only very rarely does he initiate a direct assignment or even set a deadline. Instead, he chooses from what the writers suggest and submit.

The altered tone and emphasis have come "not because of a deliberate or calculated change in policy, but simply because certain authors—responding to the heightened sense of trouble at the end of the '60s and since—have become interested in saying certain things, and we, the editors, are sympathetic."

Brief Fantasy. Shawn deals with his writers the way he approaches the outside world—combining intellectual interest and personal detachment. In a city where editors think of themselves as public figures, Shawn, 64, is so retiring as to be invisible, a trait to which he adds a genuine but rigidly old-fashioned courtesy. "I've known him 20 years," says Richard Harris, a staff writer, "and we are still Mr. Shawn, Mr. Harris." "Behind Shawn's manner," adds Richard Goodwin, "is a fantastically acute steel mind. I've never had editing like it. He went over my Cambodian piece word by word, with me sitting by his desk. He has a great instinct for bringing out what you are trying to do."

Shawn's own profound disquiet about the dangers to mankind evidently has early roots. Born in Chicago, he dropped out of the University of Michigan, worked as a newspaper reporter in New Mexico, then in 1933 joined *The New Yorker* as a "Talk of the Town" reporter. He was an editor by 1935. The only piece he ever signed in the magazine was a brief and melancholy fantasy in 1936 titled *The Catastrophe*, which tells how a meteorite neatly obliterated "all five boroughs of Greater New York," and how the entire notion of New York eventually was forgotten. Ten years later, as managing editor, he persuaded Ross that John Hersey's account of the obliteration of Hiroshima was so important that it should take up the entire editorial space of one issue.

The recent changes seem to be grounded, paradoxically, in a kind of classical conservatism: "We have defended certain things that we do believe in and cherish," Shawn says. "We have written whenever we thought the democracy as we saw it or the constitutional processes were threatened." He thinks back. "I remember Rachel Carson, when she was working on *Silent Spring*, just hated having to do it. With her kind of love of nature, the sea and birds, she felt she was using up the last years of her life on something repugnant. It is often that way now. You do these things out of a feeling of duty."



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Adventure at Descartes

"Well, *Orion* is finally here, Houston. Fahn-taah-stick!"

As Charles Duke's jubilant Southern drawl crackled across 240,000 miles of space last week, all the world breathed a sigh of relief. After a nerve-racking delay of nearly six hours, during which NASA officials came close to calling off Apollo 16's lunar landing, Astronauts Duke and John Young had brought the landing craft *Orion* to a nearly perfect touchdown only 200 yards off target in the moon's mountain-ringed Descartes region. It was man's fifth successful landing on the lunar surface, and the first in the highlands, the moon's oldest and most rugged terrain.

While Astronaut Ken Mattingly orbited overhead in the command module *Casper*, Duke and Young stared out their cabin window onto the sun-drenched Cayley Plains. Near their spacecraft, they excitedly reported to scientists back in Mission Control, was a large variety of rocks and boulders, some as big as 10 ft. across, glistening in shades of white and pink and gray. "All we have to do is jump out the hatch

and we've got plenty of rocks," exclaimed Duke. The astronauts also reported brilliantly gleaming ray patterns—splashes of material gouged from the moon's interior by meteorite impacts—and telltale layering on the face of a hillside to the south. "Man, it really looks nice out there," said Duke. "I'm like a little kid on Christmas Eve."

For a while, it had seemed that Christmas would never come. For Apollo 16 had suffered more than its share of worrisome glitches on its way to the moon. First, there were minor troubles—the mysterious flickering of a computer warning light, the mid-flight peeling of protective paint off the lunar module and the recalcitrant zipper on Young's space suit. Then, after the Apollo had gone into orbit around the moon and *Orion*, with Duke and Young aboard, had separated from *Casper*, came real cause for alarm.

As the two spacecraft emerged from behind the moon at the beginning of their 13th lunar revolution, Mattingly reported some chilling news: the back-up circuit on a steering motor controlling *Casper*'s bell-shaped engine nozzle during firings was swiveling the nozzle erratically back and forth—and Mattingly could do nothing about it. The astronauts were in no immediate danger, but under mission rules the command module's primary and secondary guidance systems must both be operational before a lunar landing can be attempted. The reason: if the command ship's engine cannot be controlled, the rocket power of the lunar lander is necessary to get the reunited ships back to earth. In fact, that so-called "life raft mode" was used to bring home the stricken Apollo 13 spacecraft two years ago.

Mobilization. In a desperate effort to salvage the landing, engineers and scientists were mobilized at three key sites—at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, where Apollo 17 Commander Eugene Cernan clambered aboard a command ship simulator; at MIT's Charles Stark Draper Laboratory, where the guidance system was developed; and at the Downey, Calif., plant of North American Rockwell, where the command ship was built. The objective: to duplicate the oscillation, determine how serious it was, and devise a possible solution. And there was little time for the tricky task. After only five more revolutions (ten hours), the orbital paths of the two spacecraft would pass too far to the side of the landing site (which was gradually moving away because of the moon's slow rotation under the orbiting craft), and the landing attempt would have to be abandoned. Fortunately, the task force found the answer after only four hours: the oscillations, which swing through only 1° of arc, would not significantly alter the direction of the spacecraft even if the



DUKE TAKING CORE SAMPLE

balky secondary guidance system had to be used. Exultant controllers passed the word to *Orion*: "You're good for landing."

After *Orion* safely settled at the bottom of a shallow crater, Young and Duke checked the spacecraft for damage and then, exhausted from their tense ordeal, they slept for about seven hours. This time there was no television picture of the astronauts' first steps on the lunar surface; the spacecraft's steerable antenna had jammed and could not be pointed at the earth. But the radio signals were sufficiently strong to carry Young's initial words back to earth. "Here you are, mysterious and unknown Descartes, highland plains," he said. "Apollo 16 is going to change your image." With that ambitious goal in mind, the astronauts spent the next seven hours loping around the site in the weak lunar gravity. They set up experiments, examined the hill-and-dale terrain, and dodged in and out of craters like youngsters on a spree. "Yahoo," shouted Duke. "This is so great you can't believe it."

Even another crop of exasperating problems failed to dampen the astronauts' enthusiasm. For all his tugging, Young was unable to open the LM's external equipment bay until Houston radioed some helpful advice. Then one of the rover's two vital batteries seemed half dead until it suddenly came back to life. To the horror of watching scientists, Duke lost his grip on the bulky nuclear power plant for the lunar experiments and let it drop. "It's O.K.," he said sheepishly, as he retrieved the package. "All the experiments seem to be intact."

Young was not so lucky. As he moved awkwardly through the moon dust, his right foot ripped loose a cable leading to the heat-flow experiment and left the \$1,200,000 device useless. "God almighty. Oh, I'm sorry," Young repeatedly apologized, realizing that he and Duke could not repair the damage. Disappointed scientists would now have to wait until the next mission to confirm

APOLLO 16 ON EVE OF LAUNCH





ASTRONAUTS TESTING STRENGTH OF LUNAR SURFACE

the puzzling heat-flow findings of Apollo 15. Those readings suggest that the moon's interior, once thought to be relatively cold, is actually giving off heat at twice the expected rate.

Before the first moon walk ended, scientists in Houston were surprised to hear that the multitude of rocks gathered by the astronauts apparently included few crystalline, or heat-formed specimens; that cast doubt on the theory that the Descartes area's Cayley Plains were once the site of volcanic flows. The day's prize find was made by the Houston scientists themselves. With the TV finally on after a second antenna had been aligned with earth, they could direct Duke's attention to a large, football-sized rock that glittered with imbedded black glass fragments. "It's a 'great Scott'-sized rock," said the delighted Duke, recalling the record 22-lb specimen picked up by Apollo 15 Astronaut David Scott last year.

Spiked Juice. Back in the lunar module for another rest period, the astronauts exchanged notes, unaware that their voices were being picked up by a live mike. "I got the farts again, Charlie," Young was heard to say. "I think it's acid in the stomach." He blamed it on the large doses of potassium-spiked orange juice prescribed by doctors to counteract the effects of weightlessness (see MEDICINE). The strange potion did not seem to bother him on the second moon walk, when the astronauts took more core samples, picked up rocks, and pushed over a large boulder to collect soil from underneath it (so scientists can compare the effects of cosmic-ray bombardment on varying soil samples). They drove the rover several hundred feet up Stone Mountain and, after parking it on what they thought was a dangerously steep slope, they simply picked it up and put it down in a more secure spot.

Many of the scientific benefits from Apollo 16 are still in the offing. With a new, semiautomatic \$2,000,000 electronic camera, developed by the Naval

Research Laboratory, the astronauts took ultraviolet pictures of the clouds of ionized (charged) hydrogen gases that occupy the vast regions between the stars. These observations, which may offer new clues to such questions as how stars are formed, cannot be made from earth where the atmosphere blocks ultraviolet light. In addition, at a number of their stops, the astronauts took careful measurements to augment data about the moon's magnetic field, which analysis of moon rocks shows was once surprisingly strong; the strong field, in turn, suggests that the core of the moon was once molten. Aboard *Casper*, high above the moon's surface, Command Ship Pilot Mattingly made his own scientific contributions. Among other valuable exercises, he shot stereo pictures of the moon's surface, including the far side which is hidden from earth, and measured the solar wind, the constant streams of particles that flow away from the sun. His most important observation may well have been a visual one: he described large globs of material near the Crater Mandelstam that provided scientists with the first evidence of ancient lava flows on the moon's far side.

Although NASA officials had earlier talked of scrubbing the scheduled third EVA (extravehicular activity) because of the extra oxygen and fuel consumed in the delayed landing, they decided that another excursion was possible, and the astronauts prepared to take a final spin on the lunar surface. It would take them north toward Smoky Mountain. Then, after stowing their rocks, film and other paraphernalia in the lunar module and positioning the rover's camera to televise the lift-off, Duke and Young were to fire *Orion's* upper stage engine and head for a reunion with Mattingly, orbiting overhead in *Casper*. Later, *Casper's* own powerful engine would be fired to hurl the command ship out of lunar orbit and start the three astronauts on their three-day journey home.

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How to Save Maine for One Thin Dime

It looks, feels and reads like a newspaper. Appearing on newsstands, *A Maine Manifest* even costs a dime. But it is a master plan—a compilation of data, projections and ideas of the kind that most citizens never see. It tells how Maine's residents "might regain control of the state's future, which has slipped away from them."

Maine's dilemma is to gain the benefits of economic development without ruining its glorious natural environment. That the poverty-stricken state will grow is certain: its thick stands of timber, its scenic land and deep harbors ensure more manufacturing, trade and tourism. As in most states, development has been disorderly, resulting in an ominous trend toward the most irreversible sort of pollution—badly used land. To stop that trend, *A Maine Manifest* proposes several steps, including:

- Tax reform to relieve one of the nation's stiffest property taxes (which encourages poor property maintenance and piecemeal land sales) and to raise new revenues to preserve, maintain and restore land.

- A land bank, which would acquire land, by right of eminent domain if necessary, in the name of the people of Maine and for their perpetual benefit.

- Community-development corporations to set up and control new local and regional businesses.

Such proposals clearly require, as the plan says, that "the people of Maine feel free to submit personal interests to

the common good." While none of the proposals is unprecedented—Oregon has put its entire Pacific shoreline in the public domain, for example, and many states encourage community corporations—Maine's individualist Yankees do not take kindly to infringements on their liberties.

The *Manifest* is the result of a \$44,000 study by The Allagash Group, an informal think tank in Bath, Me. Behind Allagash is John Cole, 49, editor of the weekly *Maine Times*, who has put his journalistic experience to good use. "When you do a research job," he explains, "you've got to package it for the public." Hence the newspaper format, style and distribution.

The study was prepared mainly by Richard Barringer, a political-science lecturer at Harvard, who says of his handiwork, "I want it to change Maine forever." That may be too much to ask, but the paper is at least being read. Though few state legislators have yet commented on the proposals, environmentalists and commercial boosters alike praise the report as "balanced" and "provocative." The first run of 5,000 copies has already sold out—plain proof that what this country really needs is a good 10¢ land plan.

Getting 'Gator Getters

"'Gator killin'!" is as time honored a pastime in the swamps of Louisiana, South Georgia and Florida as moonshining is in the hills to the north. The beasts are supposed to be protected by the Endangered Species Conservation Act of 1969, but in the three years since then, federal officials estimate, some 127,000 alligators have been slaughtered by poachers.

The poachers can sell their prey for about \$6 per foot, but they do not get them without a struggle. Poaching must be done at night—partly to avoid agents and partly to catch the slumbering alligators. The poacher blinds the animal with a spotlight, then approaches in his boat and fires a "brain shot" between the eyes with a .22-cal. rifle. A good poacher gets a rolled skin into his boat in 15 minutes. "They can get a 'gator out of his jacket real fast," says Federal Agent Andrew Pursley.

One poacher has bragged that he killed 114 alligators in a single night, and he was equally adroit in eluding pursuers. After throwing the hides out of his pickup truck as a posse closed in, he dove into a Louisiana bayou, swam across the border to Texas and holed up there for six months before being captured. Another, who is now serving a long jail sentence, used to zip across the swamps in a shallow boat that could reach speeds of 85 m.p.h.

These are only two of the 460 poachers whom the Government has



POACHER & PREY
127,000 kills.

identified in a new crackdown. Forty-eight arrest warrants have been issued within the past two months, and the penalties are severe. Two Atlanta men, indicted three weeks ago for trading in alligator hides, face sentences of up to 40 years in prison and \$400,000 in fines.

Still, the rewards have kept the traffic going. Salted, rolled and stashed in barrels with false labels, the alligator hides are shipped to manufacturers in France (mostly shoemakers) and Japan (belts, wallets, watchbands). And even when a shipment is uncovered, the law permits the confiscated catch to be auctioned off after it has been presented as evidence. So the buyer loses his poacher, but not his hides.

The Price of Power

To manufacture a steel beer can with an aluminum flip-top opening takes three times as much energy as making an all-steel can. A frost-free refrigerator consumes almost twice as much electric power as a conventional model. "You use power to make ice—and then use power to melt the ice," complained Microbiologist Barry Commoner as he offered these examples last week in testimony before the House Interior Committee.

"It is," he said, "ecological idiocy." Idiocy or not, the U.S. appears committed to a constant expansion of its electricity production. Last week, in a massive survey of the problems and prospects, the Federal Power Commission declared that the nation's present generating capacity of 340 million kilowatts must nearly quadruple by 1990. Meantime, the price of electricity will double (to 3.5¢ per kilowatt hour), reflecting higher fuel prices plus the cost of raising some \$50 billion to build



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20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '71.

ENVIRONMENT

new power plants. As for the conflict caused by "contradictory public attitudes"—the expectation of "instant power" v. the concern for a cleaner environment—the FPC urged citizens not to underestimate the importance of maintaining adequate electricity supplies in a high-energy society.

Scorecard. Even at the present level, however, electric-power plants are a major source of air pollution: 50% of the sulfur dioxide in the atmosphere, 20% of the nitrogen oxides, 20% of the soot and ash. Can technology reduce this pollution? Yes, according to a new study by the Manhattan-based Council on Economic Priorities, a non-profit organization that reports to concerned investors (churches, universities, foundations) on subjects involving corporate responsibility. But many utilities have been slow to install proven and existing equipment, the study says, or to develop alternative power sources.

The council surveyed the anti-pollution efforts of 15 private electric companies that own a total of 129 large plants and produce about 25% of the nation's power. Each was then rated against a common standard—the best that could be done—in a 550-page report entitled "The Price of Power." Getting high marks were two California utilities, Pacific Gas & Electric and Southern California Edison, which have acted to minimize polluting emissions. By contrast, the Southern Co., which operates in four Southern states, and American Electric Power, which serves seven states from Virginia to Michigan, rely less on technology than on the four winds to dissipate pollutants.

All in all, the study said, 71% of the plants involved had inadequate controls on soot and 81% had no controls at all on nitrogen oxides, a cause of emphysema. The utilities quickly attacked the report ("unscientific, distorted, partly false, and highly prejudiced," said the head of American Electric), but the plant-by-plant survey leaves no doubt that there is still much room for improvement—both in present production and in planning for the future.

Off the Billboards

Under a 1965 law, there should be no billboards still standing along rural highways built with federal help, but the measure has hardly been enforced in most states. Indeed the signs have, if anything, proliferated. Last week one national advertiser took the law into its own hands. Atlantic Richfield Co. announced it will stop its billboard campaign from coast to coast. By not renewing some 1,000 contracts with outdoor advertising agencies, the gasoline company will save the \$338,000 it spent on such ads last year and clear the view from the road. Well, not completely clear it. In many cases, through no fault of ARCO, the giant billboards will remain in place, proclaiming to passing motorists THIS SPACE FOR RENT.




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Heart Trouble in Space?

To help protect their health during their extraterrestrial explorations, U.S. astronauts routinely go on special diets prior to launch. The Apollo 16 crew that landed on the moon last week has been on an even more highly specialized diet than usual. For three days before blast-off, the trio ate foods laced with potassium, and even the eggs in their farewell omelets came from hens raised on high-potassium feeds. Their in-flight food was similarly seasoned. The astronauts are not complaining: Ken Mattingly told Mission Control that the potassium even added a certain zest to his tomato soup.

The reason for the astronauts' unusual diet is cautionary rather than cu-

evenly. The body senses this redistribution, reacts as if it were carrying excess fluids and attempts to redress matters by extra urination. That causes further potassium loss.

NASA's director of life sciences, Dr. Charles Berry, is unable to explain why the potassium-loss problem, which had not bothered members of earlier missions, surfaced during the last Apollo flight. But the astronauts' physician was determined not to let it become a hazard for Apollo 16. In addition to replenishing the crew's lost potassium through diet, Berry has safeguarded the spacemen by setting up an emergency cardiology service to monitor their heartbeats and transmit their electrocardiograms by telephone to two heart specialists. He has also supplied the astronauts with drugs to be used if the monitors show cardiac irregularities.

Berry hopes his precautions will make medication unnecessary. "Prescribing a cardiac drug on the lunar surface from 250,000 miles away would be a first that I would prefer to avoid," he says. But Berry hopes to score a first by learning—with greater precision than last time—how much potassium is lost by astronauts traveling and working in space. To do this, he determined the preflight potassium levels of each of the Apollo 16 astronauts. He has also asked them to bring back urine samples from a test to be conducted during the flight, and is confident that a comparison of the two levels will prove significant. "Those urine bags," says Berry with a researcher's peculiar enthusiasm, "are pure gold."

Headache Remedy

As television viewers are only too well aware, the list of headaches that call for Excedrin is all but infinite. Last week the manufacturers of Excedrin and other popular painkillers discovered that their own products may prove inadequate to cope with the pain that the Federal Trade Commission is about to cause them. The FTC announced that it will issue complaints against three major analgesic producers for "misleading and unfair" advertising. It is also prescribing a remedy that would hurt not only the companies' images but their pocketbooks as well.

The FTC complaints name three firms, American Home Products (Anacin and Arthritis Pain Formula), Bristol-Myers (Excedrin, Excedrin P.M., Bufferin) and Sterling Drug (Bayer aspirin, Cope, Vanquish, Midol). On the basis of research by the Food and Drug Administration, the FTC says that there is no reasonable basis for claims that any of the analgesics is better than any other, or that they relieve nervous tension. There is, says the agency, "a substantial question as to the validity, sig-

nificance or interpretation of tests and studies related to such claims."

The FTC complaint is not unexpected. The Food and Drug Administration has been looking into drug efficacy since 1962 and has found that a number of preparations do not meet their manufacturers' claims. But the commission's remedy is dramatic. Its proposed order would prohibit any further misrepresentation and require disclosure in advertising of the presence of aspirin or caffeine, which could worsen the condition of some patients. Penance for past sins would be even stiffer. In a drastic application of the "truth-in-advertising" doctrine, the FTC wants drug companies to devote 25% of their advertising expenditures during the next two years to ads correcting the claims now under challenge. At the manufacturers' present advertising budgets, that would mean about \$40 million over two years for the "corrections."

The FTC hopes that the affected firms will accede to its requests without an argument. But such an agreement seems unlikely. Said Frank Mayers, president of Bristol-Myers Products: "We remain confident of the quality and effectiveness of our products and of the truthfulness of their advertising." The FTC will probably have to issue formal complaints and hold hearings, the results of which could be appealed up to the Supreme Court. Such procedures are usually lengthy; it took the FTC 16 years to get the word "liver" out of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Capsules

► Faced with enormous expenses, even publicly financed hospitals occasionally are reluctant to care for patients who cannot pay. But they will have to provide such care whether they want to or not. Elliot Richardson, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, last week ordered all hospitals receiving federal funds under the 1946 Hill-Burton Act to provide a minimum level of free services for the poor. The directive affects 6,308 health-care facilities, including half of the nation's hospitals, and is quite specific. Not less than 5% of an institution's operating costs and not less than 25% of its net income must be devoted to free medical care. The regulation, which takes effect in 30 days unless successfully challenged in court, contains sharp teeth. Hospitals that fail to comply will face the loss of federal or state aid—and perhaps their licenses as well.


► Science has long searched for a means of controlling tumors, which can grow from pinhead to marble size in little more than a week. Dr. M. Judah Folkman of Harvard Medical School has found a clue as to how this may be accomplished. The growth of solid cancers appears to require the presence of a recently identified protein substance called tumor angiogenesis factor (T.A.F.). Though Folkman has been



DR. BERRY (RIGHT) AT MISSION CONTROL
Waiting for pure gold.

linary. Two members of Apollo 15's crew went through brief periods of heartbeat irregularities, and NASA doctors suspected the reason. The two men who suffered the problem had lost 15% of their normal potassium. They were also the ones who landed and worked on the moon. Potassium, a body salt that affects the electrical conductivity of the heart, is essential to controlling cardiac rhythm.

Most people lose some potassium when subjected to stress, which steps up the body's output of adrenal hormones and leads to increased elimination of the crucial salt. The astronauts, of course, go through heavy physical and emotional strain, and they face another problem as well. The weightlessness experienced in space causes the blood, which normally tends to pool in the lower extremities, to be distributed more



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April 13, 1972

MEDICINE

working with a variety of solid tumors, he told a neurosurgeons' meeting last week that his chief target has been certain malignancies of the brain, where the need for blood supply is greatest. The experiments show that tumors must develop their own circulation systems in order to obtain nutrients and carry off waste products. T.A.F., which is found in fetal cells but not in normal adult cells, induces capillaries (tiny blood vessels) to grow into the cancerous mass. This growth appears essential; when tumors were experimentally isolated from blood supplies, T.A.F.'s effects were canceled out and no capillaries formed. As a result, tiny tumors literally choked on their own wastes and failed to grow beyond a state considered harmless. Folkman's discovery

T.A.F. (TUMOR ANGIOGENESIS FACTOR)

1. Tumor begins to grow



2. Tumor's T.A.F. signals development of tiny blood vessels (capillaries) to supply itself with nutrients and to rid itself of waste products.



3. Antibody could neutralize T.A.F. With blood supply curtailed, tumor becomes dormant.

Time Diagram by V. Pugh

suggests that interfering with T.A.F. production could halt, or even prevent tumor growth. He and his colleagues are now searching for a substance to run this interference.

▶ Varicose veins, those bulging, discolored blood vessels that cause cosmetic consternation in women and discomfort for both sexes, probably have a variety of causes. Habitual standing in place for long periods is one. Can sitting in chairs be another? So theorizes Dr. Colin Alexander of New Zealand's Auckland Medical School. Alexander's argument in the *Lancet* owes as much to geography as it does to anatomy. Varicose veins, he points out, are rare among the Japanese and other Eastern peoples who generally sit on the floor or the ground. But the condition is common among Westerners, who spend hours each day sitting in chairs. The reason, he speculates, is that chair posture increases the pressure in the saphenous vein of the leg, causing it to dilate and ultimately lose its elasticity. Floor sitting, in which the legs are horizontal rather than vertical, prevents this pressure from building up. Alexander's hypothesis implies that varicose veins can be avoided, but only at the cost of discomfort for the rump—not to mention the furniture industry.



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Our Master Blender has a very ancient ritual he applies to each one of the great whiskies blended into Dewar's "White Label" Scotch.

Each single whisky chosen is swirled around in a glass shaped like a brandy snifter. It is then nosed to gauge its aroma.

He then places his palm on top of the glass and turns the glass upside down. He waits a moment, then reverses it and sniffs again. The finest whisky will have doubled the strength of its scent.

Finally he rubs the one wet palm against his other hand and holds both to his face. And with one long, steady, deep breath, compares the full-flavor bouquet of this whisky to the thousands he has tested before.

This unique combination of skill, instinct, experience, and this authentic ritual is one of the many reasons why Dewar's "White Label" is considered to be the authentic Scotch of today.



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THE THEATER

Black on Black

BLACK VISIONS

Four Playlets, by SONIA SANCHEZ,
NEIL HARRIS and RICHARD WESLEY

Current plays written by blacks about blacks display strange and interesting aspects of the prickly pride of the outcast. They almost brazenly embrace some of the least admirable notions about blacks held by many whites—that they can be lazy, foulmouthed deadbeats addicted to alcohol, gambling and promiscuity. Another aspect of black drama is that it bears a surprising relationship to the class-conscious plays of the '30s. The manner is naturalistic. The tone is hortatory. The



FOSTER IN "BLACK VISIONS"
Somerly powerful.

focus is not on individuals but on a downtrodden group undergoing a consciousness-raising exercise.

The four one-act pieces that constitute *Black Visions* contain both of these elements. *Sonji* is an old Mississippi woman's soliloquized lamentation. She tells and mimes the bone-wearying troubles of her existence, a Beckett-esque journey from nothingness to oblivion. Gloria Foster makes a triumph of this taxing role through her unrelentingly somber presence and power. The next two playlets, *Players Inn* and *Cop and Blow*, are set in a bar, the gaudy aquarium of tropically colorful sharks who prey mercilessly on the vulnerable fish of the ghetto.

The last and best item of the evening is *Gettin' It Together*, the story of a man and a woman who can neither stay together nor keep apart. Coretta (Beveryly Todd) has had a son by Nate (Mor-

gan Freeman), her lover. He likes to take the boy on picnics, but he also likes to keep other women on the side. Coretta wants the security that this black man cannot give her, and Nate wants the freedom that the white world will not allow him. They are caught in the bittersweet toils of their love, and Richard Wesley has written a tender, sad and compassionate play that is utterly and luminously honest. ■ T.E. Kalem

Button, Button

PROMENADE, ALLI

by DAVID V. ROBISON

One of the persistent myths about actors is that they are egomaniacs. Not so. They're insecure souls who thirst for the love and reassurance of audiences who applaud with whatever wild abandon the human palm will permit.

It is not terribly surprising that a number of quite gifted actors have banded together to produce plays that will help them attract that adoration enthusiasm. The group is called LARC (for Loose Actors Revolving Company), and it includes George C. Scott, George Grizzard, Anne Bancroft, Blythe Danner, Colleen Dewhurst, Julie Harris, Frank Langella, Maureen Stapleton, Jessica Tandy, Rod Steiger, Pat Hingle, Richard Kiley, Dustin Hoffman and quite a few others. They have, and they feel they ought to have, the determining voice on scripts. This is an error of the first order: actors are to scripts as seals are to fish.

So here they are, in LARC's debut, three hungry, enormously attractive actors—Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson—taking stylish licks at a play that has far more seasoning than substance. It is a generational saga of American life from the late 19th century to the present, à la *Our Town*, from Grover Cleveland and his mistress to Masters and Johnson. With obvious delight and gusto, the key actors play many men and women at various ages, and they are awfully good at it. The play concerns a clan that manufactures buttons, but playwright Robison seems to have lost a few of his. ■ T.E.K.

Shavings

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION

by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Somewhat in the manner of royalty, Ingrid Bergman deigns to make an infrequent city-to-city tour before her oohing and aahing subjects. Lovely to look at, graciously regal in bearing, exotically foreign in accent, she does not remotely intend for any playwright to steal the spotlight. An assiduous search through a trunkful of lesser Shaw has provided the perfect vehicle in *Captain*

Brassbound's Conversion, a D-minus play for a C-plus actress. It is now parked briefly on Broadway before wheeling into the hinterlands.

Despite the fact that Shaw wrote juicy roles for women, there is not a sensuously, genuinely appealing or thoroughly believable female character in all of his plays. Shaw simply used women tactically in order to make fun of the ideas, authority, and personalities of men with whom he happened to disagree. He conferred on women the mask of reason, but behind that cover lay the clever, arrogant, self-absorbed mind of G.B.S. Lady Cicely Waynflete (Bergman) is one of Shaw's perennial Little Miss Super-Fix-Its. She just happens to be among the brigands and bedouins of North Africa rather than in the drawing rooms of Mayfair or on the battlements of Orléans.

The targets are routinely Shavian



BERGMAN IN "BRASSBOUND"
Regally gracious.

—English justice, hypocrisy and prudery. The comic fall guys are Arab princes. The British exploited them for empire; Shaw does it for cheap and witty laughs. The hero is an anti-establishment mouthpiece, a humorless pirate chief (Pernell Roberts) too tame to make the chorus line in Gilbert and Sullivan.

Time has eroded the social basis of Shaw's comedies. He loved to taunt imperial power, but it is pretty lame satire to twist a lion's tail when there is no longer a lion attached. He loved to tease the middle class, but in a welfare state, the middle class has lost both the hopes of fortune and the fears of penury upon which Shaw played. He loved to poke fun at lower-class blighters who dropped their H's, and today—irony of ironies—the sons of those blighters, and not he or his disciples, are the ruling dramatists of the English stage. ■ T.E.K.



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—The Word, by Irving Wallace

It does not quite happen that way in real life, of course. Even in Wallace's overblown novel, the "Gospel According to James" turns out to be a possible forgery. But just as the source of the Nile was an irresistible magnet for 19th century explorers, the sources of the four Gospels that relate the life of Jesus remain irresistible lures to 20th century biblical scholars, and every so often some patient scriptural sleuth turns up

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PAPYROLOGIST JOSÉ O'CALLAGHAN
A new set of questions.

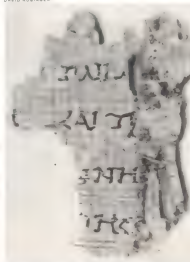
another important piece of evidence. Recently, a Roman Catholic scholar arrived at a finding that could turn out to be this century's most important development in New Testament scholarship. He has concluded that a hitherto neglected fragment of the Dead Sea Scrolls, written within two decades of the crucifixion of Christ, is actually a passage from the *Gospel of Mark*.

Though most liberal scripture scholars consider *Mark* the first Gospel (TIME, Dec. 27), the earliest extant Gospel manuscript now known dates from A.D. 135, a full century after Christ's death. New Testament scholarship in modern times has therefore assumed that the Gospels were later compilations

of stories about Jesus, drawn from several sources and including both pious legend and at least some philosophy and social ethics that developed after his death.

A *Gospel of Mark* that existed before A.D. 50—and could have been written as early as A.D. 35—would be a firsthand and possibly an eyewitness report. For the ordinary believer, it would mean that the stories of Jesus' words and actions are more likely to be accurate historical descriptions than just a core of truth embroidered through years of retelling. Jesus' teachings on the indissolubility of marriage (*Mark* 10: 9) would, for instance, carry more

DAVID RUBINER



17-LETTER FRAGMENT (ENLARGED)

weight if it could be shown that they had not been filtered through the prism of a Hellenistic church in a Roman setting. For scholars the finding could mean the end of some cherished theories. Signs one biblical researcher: "This means that seven tons of German scholarship may now be consigned to the flames."

Thigh Bone. So far, however, the man who has linked the scrolls fragment to the *Gospel of Mark* makes no such extravagant claims for his theory. Spanish Jesuit José O'Callaghan, 49, a highly regarded papyrologist at Rome's Pontifical Biblical Institute, offers his finding in the current issue of the institute's quarterly, *Biblica*, only as a hypothesis. The most important fragment he has studied is a jagged, thumbnail-sized piece of papyrus containing only 17 letters, which cut vertically across five lines of text. His technique for identifying it and other fragments—a standard method that Dead Sea Scroll scholars have used to identify an *Exodus* fragment, among others—is therefore the rough equivalent of reconstructing

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a prehistoric skeleton from a single thigh bone.

O'Callaghan made his discovery while routinely examining official facsimiles of fragments found among the Dead Sea Scrolls 25 years ago. The batch he was studying, he explained to *TIME*'s Wilton Wynn in Rome, was "a collection we had all assumed could not possibly contain any New Testament writing. I was working on the assumption they were all Old Testament." What put him on the trail of the Gospels was four letters of one word, which scholars had thought to be a Greek verb referring to genealogy. O'Callaghan began to wonder if they might not be part of the word Gennesaret, the name of a valley on the northwest corner of the Sea of Galilee.

Taking various mentions of Gennesaret from *Matthew*, *Mark* and *Luke*, O'Callaghan set them in Greek lines of 20 to 23 characters (the form in which the scrolls were written). Finally he found one that with the omission of three short words fit the fragment. *Mark* 6: 52-53. In the same way, O'Callaghan linked a five-letter fragment with *Mark* 4: 28 and a seven-letter fragment with *James* 1: 23-24. In follow-up articles in *Biblica*, he will report three more "probable" identifications (*Acts* 27: 38, *Mark* 12: 17, *Romans* 5: 11-12) and two "possibles" (*II Peter* 1: 15, *Mark* 9: 48). O'Callaghan is confident of the dating because the fragments are written in the Zionsil Greek script that according to paleographers was used roughly between the years 50 B.C. and A.D. 50.

New Questions. O'Callaghan's theory has met with some scholarly skepticism. Frank Cross of Harvard, a Dead Sea Scrolls expert, points out that many of the letters on the tiny fragment are dim, and that the theory is based on "a number of coincidences and variants." Biblical Scholar David Flusser of Israel calls the Jesuit's hypothesis "wild speculation"; he believes the fragment is part of a treatise against women. Even Jesuit Roderick McKenzie, editor of *Biblica*, fears that the O'Callaghan article is "producing premature judgments." McKenzie suggests that the letters could well fit some unknown text.

Should O'Callaghan's thesis eventually come to gain acceptance among scholars, however, it will open a new set of biblical questions. How, for instance, did the *Gospel of Mark*, assumed to have been written by an evangelist who accompanied Peter to Rome, wind up in a cave in the Judean desert? Might not the fragment be simply a part of the mysterious "Q," an early proto-Gospel that some scholars believe may have been the basic source of *Matthew*, *Mark* and *Luke*? O'Callaghan already has his answer to the latter question: the style of the fragment, he argues, is typically *Mark*—part of a literary work, not a mere record. The other answers, he hopes, may lie in larger, undiscovered portions of the Gospel somewhere out in the Judean wilderness.

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The Women in Blue

Family quarrels are a recurring nightmare for policemen, who frequently end up on the receiving end of a warring couple's wrath. In an effort to be more effective at peacemaking, an increasing number of police departments are now trying a new strategy. They are sending policewomen to do what was once strictly a male cop's job. The reason: women seem to calm these disputes far better than men. "Some of these families will call you back two or three times a night," observes a battle-tested Indianapolis patrolman, "but I've noticed that when the women go, that's the last time we hear from that family."

Women are also being assigned to other police duties traditionally reserved for men. In at least seven cities, lady cops are driving squad cars, responding to radio calls and investigating crimes. Their experience to date indicates that their sex does not handicap them on the job. Indeed, for the service calls that account for 80% to 90% of police activity, it may be an asset.

In the family quarrel, for example, male officers "feed the fire through their own aggressive, provocative behavior," says Lewis J. Sherman, a University of Missouri-St. Louis psychologist who studied the activities of security guards in eight St. Louis housing projects last summer. Women, on the other hand, stepped in "with greater tact and subtlety. They tended to stay longer and seemed much more concerned about getting to the root causes of the conflict." The women had another advantage: a built-in "calming effect," discovered during psychodramas that were part of the guards' training. Enraged men, Sherman found, "simply could not respond as angrily or violently to the women as to the men."

This feminine capacity to dispel male anger (also observed in studies of aides in mental wards) may be due to the value system of male criminals: assaults on male authority figures are ranked high. Policemen are often attacked "because it is heroic," says Ronald G. Talney of the Multnomah County, Ore., sheriff's department. But policewomen might avoid such assaults simply because "it is cowardly to attack a woman, even though she is a police officer." Actual incidents seem to support Talney's view: a child-beating suspect who had twice resisted arrest surrendered peacefully when Private Mary Ellen Abrecht and two Washington patrolmen came to his door.

Such experiences suggest that more women on the beat could mean less use of force by police, contends Catherine H. Milton, assistant director of the Police Foundation, an organization that promotes new methods of law enforcement. Her prodding is apparently winning some converts among police chiefs. About 45 women are currently pounding police beats across the U.S., and the first large-scale experiment in the use of patrolwomen is under way in Washington, D.C., where the metropolitan police force is hiring 100 women for regular patrol duty. Still, resistance to the trend—mostly from officials who think being a patrolman is too dangerous for the "weaker sex"—must be overcome before many more of the nation's 6,000 policewomen (out of 400,000 police) are assigned to the streets.

Those who are there already have provided a devastating new weapon to the police crime-fighting arsenal, one that has helped women to get their men for centuries. It worked well for diminutive Patrolwoman Ina Shepherd after she collared a muscular shoplifter in Miami last December and discovered that there were no other cops—or even a telephone—around. Unable to summon help, she burst into tears. "If I don't bring you in, I'll lose my job," she sobbed to her prisoner, who chivalrously accompanied her until a squad car could be found.

Daddy the Rowdy

Viennese adults, proud of their culture and heritage, are seemingly oblivious to their uncivilized behavior in automobiles. Not so their children. Asked by Vienna's mass-circulation *Kurier* to submit letters describing the driving habits of their fathers, several hundred schoolchildren, aged 9 to 14, handed down a nearly unanimous verdict: The Viennese male, normally mild-mannered, becomes a raging brute behind the wheel.

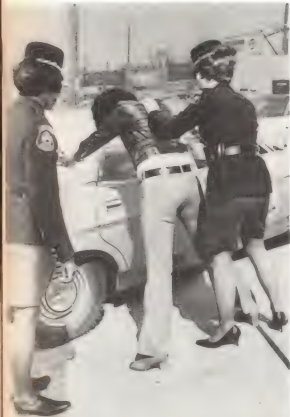
"You will not believe such a lovely father can curse so badly," one child wrote. Complained another: "Father shouted at pedestrians. Mother shouted at Father, and they both got so cross my father almost lost control of himself and the car." Or "You are with ears!" my father shouted and "You ox, you stupid cowboy, why don't you stay in your pastures?" And the other driver said, "Shut your trap, there's a draft."

"At first it is cold and the engine will not start," one child wrote, "so Father's cursing starts right away. Then a car passes us, and Father curses the driver. He has to step on the brakes. When he starts again, we continue our excursion and our cursing." From a 14-year-old boy: "My father is a real rowdy behind the wheel. He has been stopped more than 40 times by his archenemy, the village policeman. I'm sure when I grow up I shall not be like that."

Viennese Psychiatrist Harald Leu-



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Save the Shagbark Hickory!

There aren't many Shagbark Hickory trees left in the Chicago area. Why? Because the stately tree can't walk fast enough.

Trees walk. Two or three interglacial periods ago the hickory tree grew across Southern Europe, Central China and North America. As the glaciers came down (the last one about 10,000 years ago) and carved out Lake Michigan, they killed all the trees standing in their way. "Walking" trees (Maples, Oaks, Pines and others that sprouted seeds ahead of the glaciers as they moved) survived. Slow growing hickories couldn't reproduce fast enough. So in China, and Europe, they were virtually wiped out. In North America, they lived. As the ice receded, about 18 kinds of hickory were left. Pecan trees grew as far south as the Gulf coast. A group of tougher, slower-growing varieties inhabited the north in a belt across Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania to the east, in New England, and southward. Most distinctive of the species, the Shagbark Hickory (with its funny, scaly bark) was left at the northern edge of this line to become the most abundant hickory in the Chicago area.

The settlers picked the tough, resilient wood for hard jobs. Axe handles. Wagon axles. Barrel staves. Other tools. They burned a lot of hickory. The heat was high, and long. A Shagbark log would last the night. Green hickory sawdust had a flavor. So, smoke houses. Hickory smoked hams. Bacon. Fish. That, plus the clearing of land, led to the cutting of Shagbarks at a rate far faster than their replacement.

There were other uses. The Shagbark nuts were delicious, in spite of the difficulty in getting at the meat. Children used the split husks as toy boats in the bath. Chicago oldtimers will tell stories about collecting bushels of the nuts in the fall "out in the country" for "nut-crack" parties. The nuts have four times the protein of milk by weight, and more energy calories than any other tree-borne fruit. Songs, poems, books and stories tell tales about the hickory tree; education was "taught to the tune of a hickory stick." Little known, the sap had a maple-like flavor all its own. Therefore, hickory syrup and hickory sugar. Like Chicago, the Shagbark was an "I will" tree.



Shagbark nuts are enclosed in a four-section husk. Inside, the hard nut is difficult to crack. But the meat is delicious.

The usefulness of the Shagbark, and its slow growing process, put the tree in trouble. As Chicago land was cleared (starting with the saw mills on the Chicago river in the 1830's and 1840's) cut the trees behind them) the Shagbarks were cut out, with the timber line moving north and west rapidly as the city expanded. As each Shagbark was cut, its reproducing seeds were lost. Even worse, the tree wasn't replaced as the growing metropolis was landscaped. The tree grew so slowly it wasn't worth the



trouble. It takes over thirty years before a Shagbark can produce nuts to reproduce itself, and over forty or fifty before the tree is large enough to shade a picnic.

So today, the enemy is man. And the automobile. The Shagbark doesn't tolerate impure air very well in its youth, although it can survive if it is carefully tended. As a result, one of Chicago's own trees is on the verge of local extinction. With approximately 14,000 shade trees along our expressways, the Shagbark is being passed over for fast-growing "outside" trees (regarded by some as weed trees) such as the Honey Locust, Sycamore, Silver Maple, Chinese Elm and others.



On 110 miles of Cook County expressways not a single indigenous Shagbark Hickory has been planted.

Miraculously, a number of the trees have still survived in the area. A mature Shagbark stands from 70 to 100 feet tall, with a trunk ranging from a foot to two feet in diameter. Trees this size are over a hundred years old (a Shagbark can live to be well over 200) and have been producing nuts for generations. These trees are better known to children than their parents, particularly in the Fall when the nuts are dropped to the ground. They survived because they didn't stand in the way of progress. They can be seen in the wooded residential areas of northwestern Chicago, in portions of the Forest Preserves (particularly Somme Woods north of Northbrook, Potawatomi Woods to the west and the Palos Hills area to the far south), and in the countryside (back roads north and west of Long Grove have many along the roads and in the fields). Some local golf courses, preservers of a woodland past (St. Andrews, southwest of Chicago at St. Charles Road and Route 59, is particularly well blessed) also have examples. The tree can also be studied at the Chicago Academy of Sciences in Lincoln Park where the bark, leaves and nuts are on display. There is no question that the beautiful, stately tree can survive in this era of pollutants. But it needs your help.

It's hard to buy a Shagbark. Most nurseries don't handle them. Its great tap root feeds it and gives the tree its long life. It also makes it almost impossible to transplant. In a seedling 8" to 10" high the tap root can reach down over a yard. A sapling size Shagbark would have a root so deep it could never be potted or balled without mortal damage to the tree. Therefore, it's not commercial. Even if you found some Shagbark starts and got permission to dig them, you'd have to go down at least two feet in a wide circle for a four-inch seedling, and still hope you didn't damage the delicate root structure.



Most nursery-supplied trees have shallow roots. The Shagbark grows straight down, so it is rarely grown for transplanting.

The easiest way to save the Shagbark is to help it reproduce from seed. After Labor Day, and late into October, the nut husks can be collected. A large tree will produce hundreds —but you've got to be there when they fall (before the squirrels and children get the nuts). The nuts should be dried and stored (in farm houses you often find them on a window sill to stay cool) until spring planting time. Keep them in the refrigerator in a dry, sealed container. In March or April you can start the seedlings in deep paper cups filled with mixed garden loam and sand. Don't expect all of the seeds to sprout. This is a "wild" tree, and the odds of reproduction are low. Be careful not to water too excessively, because once the Shagbark sprouts, its tap root starts to reach down. It can grow as much as thirty inches in its first summer. When your seedling has sprouted leaves (and before the tap root touches the bottom of the cup, which will kill the tree)—normally about six weeks—you can transplant it. Be sure to pick a spot you like, because that's where the tree will be from now on. It can't be moved. It's a good idea to plant two trees for cross pollination if you want nuts. Even if one or two tries don't work out, don't get discouraged. The Shagbark needs your help, and you can do it.



You can grow Shagbark from seed. Collect nuts in the fall, dry and store, and start in the spring.

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BEHAVIOR

pold-Loewenthal is not so sure. "In Austria," he says, "a car is still a symbol of prestige, of power and potency. Being passed by a faster car, for example, represents a loss of sexual grandeur. Traffic here is still acted out on the irrational level of male rivalry." A Viennese police department traffic expert shares the psychiatrist's pessimism. "No driving school, no policeman, can teach drivers a considerate and responsible attitude," he says, "when parents curse like fishwives and show their naked aggressions during every weekend outing."

The Aged Adolescent

Adolescence and old age occur half a century apart, and seem to have nothing in common. In fact, says Psychanalyst James Anthony of Washington University in St. Louis, the two stages are sometimes psychologically similar; present-day youngsters, far more often than their predecessors, show symptoms of aging long before they are out of their teens.

Among the symptoms very often shared by the aging adolescent and the aging adult is depression, Anthony says. "For both, the future looks black and unappealing," and "preoccupation with death and nothingness is frequent." Both youngsters and oldsters "can pass days in endlessly doing nothing, feeling that there is nothing to do." Besides, the two groups are often alike in being "intensely self-absorbed"; in fact, "the narcissism of old age and the narcissism of adolescence are two peaks in the development of human egotism." Hypochondria, too, can peak in adolescence as well as old age—which Anthony says "is not surprising because, in both, profound bodily alterations are taking place." Frequent changes in self-reliance also occur in old and in young; both alternate between battling for independence and leaning excessively on others.

Despite these behavioral likenesses in the age groups, the aging adolescent has an advantage over the aging adult: "Given a new perspective, a new ideal, a new cause, a new hero or a new theory," Anthony says, he can be "rejuvenated." First, though, he must somehow acquire something that characterized most adolescents of an earlier generation: the intense desire to grow up.

These days, Anthony reports, "there are a growing number [of young people] who do not view themselves as passengers in transit through a phase of development but as persons who have arrived at their destination and are not interested in going any further"—certainly not in the direction set by materialistic, achievement-oriented parents who expect youngsters to perform like adults. "Nothing is more aging than this constant pressure," Anthony believes. The problem, then, "is to get the parent off the adolescent's back" so he can have fun while he is young and choose his own goals when he is ready.

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Copying v. Copyright

Well over 600,000 Xerox and other photocopying machines are currently humming and clicking off 30 billion copies per year in libraries and offices throughout the world. UCLA Law Professor Melville Nimmer has suggested that "the day may not be far off when no one need purchase books." But first, there is an unanswered legal question. Does this passion for duplicating violate the copyright laws?

The copyright statute itself has not been revised since 1909. Nor, surprisingly, had there ever been any court action on the question—until two months ago. Then, in a carefully reasoned opin-

"is that copyright law *should* excuse libraries from liability for [this] kind of photocopying. That, of course, is a matter for Congress, not the courts, to consider." Until Congress acts, photocopying "poses a real and substantial threat to copyright owners' interests."

What Rates? Williams & Wilkins conceded the value of photocopying—but they want to be compensated for it. Though the actual financial details were left for a commissioner to determine later, NIH estimated that payments to just one publisher over a three-month test period would have been about \$300. Since Commissioner Davis' ruling, the publishing firm has offered to accept a fee based on the total pages published

AMERICAN BARRETT



"Yes, George, it does say, 'No part of this may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means . . . without prior written permission.'"

ion, an official of the U.S. Court of Claims ruled that a library that engages in "wholesale" duplicating of copyrighted material must pay a royalty.

Williams & Wilkins, a publisher of medical journals, had complained that it should be paid by the U.S. Government for copies of its articles that were being duplicated on request by the National Library of Medicine and by the library at the National Institutes of Health. The Government contended that the photocopying amounted to "fair use," since no more than one copy was made in response to each request, that the copies were made in the interest of furthering research, and that the technique was simply a mechanical improvement on the long-accepted practice of hand-copying material.

Claims Commissioner James F. Davis disagreed. What the Government "really appears to be arguing," he said,

each year in a given magazine or a fee of 5¢ for each page copied.

The Government refused both deals and moved to take the case to the full seven-judge Court of Claims. From there it will likely be appealed to the Supreme Court. Thus at least two years will pass—with almost all libraries continuing to make copies—before there is any final answer to what the American Library Association's chief counsel has called "the most significant copyright litigation of the 20th century."

Disputing Disney

In the heart of California's magnificent sequoia forests, in a lonely valley called Mineral King, Walt Disney Enterprises wants to build a \$35 million resort, complete with ski lifts, swimming pools and housing to handle crowds of 14,000 tourists per day. In 1969, the

corporation got a permit from the U.S. Forest Service to start work on the resort.

To the wilderness enthusiasts of the Sierra Club, the Disney plan was an outrage. They filed suit to stop it and carried their fight all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court—only to be faced with a blunt legal question: What right did the club have to sue?

Traditionally, a lawsuit claims damage or injury to the plaintiff. In rejecting the Sierra Club's action last week, Justice Potter Stewart, writing for the 4-to-3 majority, observed that the group had failed to argue that it or any of its members would be "significantly affected." Instead, they had tried to do "no more than vindicate their own value preferences."

Stewart did find, however, that "aesthetic and environmental well-being, like economic well-being, are important ingredients of the quality of life" and are "deserving of legal protection." For environmentalists, that was an important victory. Stewart went on to drop a footnote broadly hinting that if the Sierra Club amended its complaint, it might well succeed. Stewart even seemed to suggest that it need claim no more than that its campers regularly use and enjoy the area.

The dissenting Justices, Blackmun, Brennan and Douglas, were even more sympathetic to the conservationists: so Sierra Club lawyers were only briefly dismayed by their technical defeat. The problem now is time, and the attorneys have already begun planning strategy to reactivate the case before any Disney workmen start digging in.

Nobody Here But Us Orientals

When northern Florida's Flagler County was told to integrate its dual school system in 1970, the school board made a bizarre response. How could they comply, asked the board members, when no one had ever given them a legal definition of a Negro? The Department of Health, Education and Welfare duly moved to fill the bureaucratic gap. Negroes, it explained, were "persons considered by themselves, by the school or by the community to be of African or Negro origin." The same sort of definition, added HEW, held for Orientals, Chicanos and Indians. At that, the Flagler County school board pronounced all its teachers and students Orientals because they were so "considered by the school." Thus, only one race attended classes in the county, and no discrimination was possible.

It took a federal district court ban to end the Florida "absurdity." Said Chief Judge John R. Brown, in reviewing the case for the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals: "This court has seen, heard, or heard of everything—everything, that is, until today."

"After our first Moon landing, I resolved I would never publicly endorse any product or service unless I sincerely believed in it."



Apollo 11 Astronaut, Buzz Aldrin, discusses the Computerized Self-Analysis system in every 1972 Volkswagen.

"Everything after a Moonwalk is a letdown. You just can't top it.

So instead, you adjust. You adjust to a world that's a far cry from perfection."

Or at least the kind of perfection that took Buzz Aldrin to the Moon and then brought him back within a quarter mile of an aircraft carrier carrying the President of the United States.

Then it's over and there he is. With a Doctor of Science degree from MIT and a walk on the Moon under his belt, in a world, that at times, seems absolutely chaotic.

Then, something comes along that makes a great deal of sense to him. And he becomes enthused:

"In analogy with the manned space flight programs, past, present and future, which pioneered computer check-out systems, the present VW system compares with the early Mercury flights of Shepard, Grissom and Glenn."

Volkswagen's Computerized Self-Analysis system:

If you own a 1972 VW, it means getting the most advanced automotive check-up there is.

"The car, truly, is wired along the same principles as a space craft." (Nothing like asking the man who manned one.)

In its simplest terms, it's a network of check points and sensors throughout the car; each sensor reporting the condition of various key points in the car to one central socket.

The socket, when plugged into a computer, which will be at

VW dealers starting later this year, will actually report the condition of your car directly to you.

Altogether, 60 vital service points will be checked. The results will then be printed out on a sheet of paper, in plain English, for you to read.

"Keeping that print-out sheet after each check-up is like checking in with Mission Control when you're 200,000 miles out in space. It gives you a nice, secure feeling."

It also gets you home quicker.

For instance, to check cylinder compression the conventional way today, a mechanic has got to do the following: remove each spark plug, insert a gauge, crank the engine, take a reading, make a decision and then put each spark plug back.

At top speed, the procedure takes 10 minutes and 40 seconds for four cylinders.

With the new VW system, it takes 60 seconds.

So there you have it.

Instead of a mechanic telling you what's wrong with your car, now your car and your dealer's computer can tell you.

It took Volkswagen 7 years and enough money to develop and market an entirely new automobile to come out with Computerized Self-Analysis.

Why such a concentrated effort on service rather than, let's say, a new, longer, lower Beetle?

Basically for the same reason Colonel Buzz Aldrin decided to publicly support it.

The reason is known as progress.

Postscript: Earlier this year, Volkswagen felt it had something advanced enough to show, not only to a man who walked on the Moon, but also a man who was intimately familiar with the subject of computerized check-out and testing

After a series of meetings and after seeing the system in operation and after learning of the plans to bring in the computers starting later this year, Colonel Aldrin's response, very simply, was "I'm impressed."



Ghost Town U.

The winds off the plains of western Nebraska drive swirls of grit and tumbleweed past the brick laboratories of Hiram Scott College, and the 1,500 students have all departed. The only people on guard at Hiram Scott nowadays are three patrolmen who take turns touring the 280-acre campus. And near by lives Hiram Scott's last president, Dr. Walter Weese, 53, a slim, sandy-haired scholar from Yale, who survives on savings and uses up the rice left behind in the college's empty kitchen.

"I'm getting pretty good with the dishwasher," says Dr. Weese, an expert on Chaucer, "and I'm a pretty good cook too, but you lose your steam. You look up and half the day is gone, and all you've done is wash the dishes."

Built seven years ago on the fertile farm lands of Scottsbluff (pop. 14,000), the college is bankrupt, a poignant relic of the rush for a college education in the 1960s. When it folded eight months ago, the 36 faculty members scattered, like the students, leaving behind nine vacant buildings, 5,000 unsold yearbooks, 75 microscopes, an airplane, \$7,300,000 in debts and Dr. Weese.

Hand-to-Mouth. Hiram Scott's fate has struck 119 other small colleges and seminaries in the past three years, and another 254 may be broke by 1980, according to the American Association of Colleges. The problem: with few endowments or research grants, many survived hand-to-mouth on tuition fees. In recent years, the recession has driven students to cheaper public colleges. When the enrollment boom ended, financially weak colleges went bust.

Hiram Scott had special problems of its own. It was one of five colleges founded by small-town businessmen on the model of Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa. All were inspired by Millard Roberts, the hard-sell Presbyterian

minister who transformed Parsons during the early 1960s into a high-cost "second chance" for dropouts. Parsons eventually lost its accreditation and earned the nickname of "Flunk-Out U." Four of the colleges modeled on it, including Hiram Scott, were destined for bankruptcy.

Henry D. Kosman, president of the Scottsbluff National Bank and a former trustee of Hiram Scott, now shakes his head as he recalls the town's rosy dreams: "We figured the economic impact of a college would be as big as any industry." With other local businessmen, Kosman raised \$5,463,000 and hired a president who flew around the country to recruit students. When the college opened in 1965, one Chamber of Commerce official crowed, "We are not just a sugar-beet and cattle-raising town any more." But Kosman admits, "We were short of cash from the word go."

To survive, Hiram Scott had to keep enrollment at capacity, but each semester 30% dropped out, dissatisfied with the school's limited curriculum. Instead of looking for ways to keep what students it had, Hiram Scott expanded its recruiting staff to the point that it cost \$700 to corral a student who would pay \$2,500 in yearly fees. In December 1970, the trustees declared bankruptcy, dividing the cash on hand to pay each employee \$80 in Christmas week wages. Last August, the college had only 225 applicants for 1,500 places, and the trustees closed up shop for good.

So far, no local organizations seem to want the only slightly used campus. The trustees now are trying to sell it to the National Rifle Association or the U.S. Chamber of Commerce as a conference center. Bondholders might settle for 15¢ on the dollar, a common practice in the case of bankrupt businesses. "Gosh, it's a tremendous bargain for somebody," says Banker Kosman. Adds Dr. C.N. Sorenson, another trustee who sank \$130,000 of his own money into the college: "How so many people who are supposed to know so much could be so wrong. I don't know."

New Ways into College

College applications once consisted of a high school transcript, board scores and perhaps a why-I-want-to-go-to-your-school essay. No more. The college acceptances being sent through the mails last week* were based, in a good number of cases, on such evidence as a handmade jacket of chain mail, an

*In a sharp reversal from last year, according to a New York Times survey, applications to the eight Ivy League colleges have climbed 12% while applications to the 74 largest state universities leveled off to an increase of only 1.5%. Apparent reason for the change: improved economic conditions make parents more willing to pay the private colleges' fees of \$4,000-plus.



BOWDOIN'S RICHARD MOLL
Class full of differences.

original eight-page score for a string quartet or a taped rendition of César Franck's *Pièce Héroïque*.

Art schools and progressive colleges like Bennington have appraised applicants' artifacts for years, but only lately has the practice reached other liberal arts colleges. Bowdoin in Maine and Hampshire in Massachusetts first invited examples of creative work three years ago. Yale joined them this year and others are considering it. Not everyone approves. Harvard tried it and then gave up because, according to Admissions Director John P. Reardon, it attracted too many "bizarre" submissions—and "wasn't all that helpful anyway."

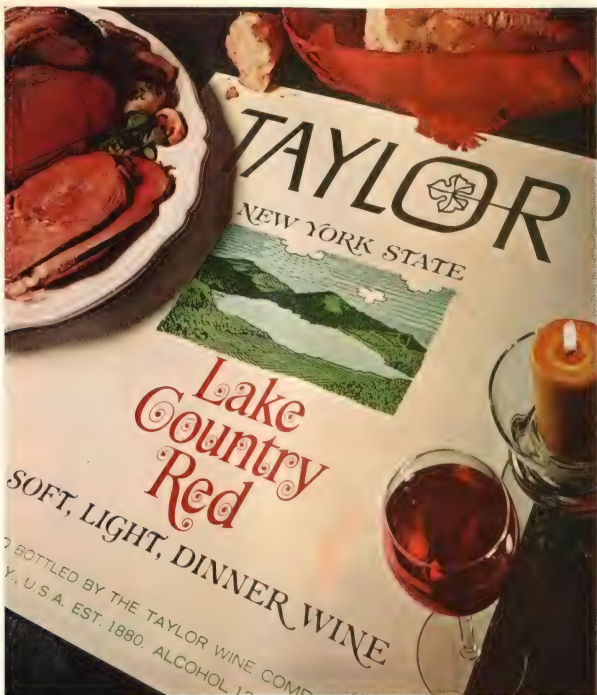
Getting Even. Some of Reardon's counterparts disagree strongly. The entrance staff at Yale inspected almost 400 samples of applicants' work, compared with perhaps a dozen volunteered in earlier years, to learn more than is revealed by S.A.T. scores. Gimmicks alone will not get a student into college, of course. Yale turned down—on academic grounds—applicants who had sent in an embroidered pillowcase, an apple cake and a sexy black negligee handmade of appliquéd silk. At Bowdoin, President Roger Howell took a bite of a cookie made by one aspirant and grunted, "She'd better be good in class because she's not in the kitchen." She wasn't, and was not admitted.

As in the case of an athlete or student newspaper editor, however, outside interests can be decisive in borderline cases. "This is a chance for the sensitive, imaginative student to get even," says Bowdoin's Admissions Director Richard Moll. Amy Carney ensured her acceptance to Bowdoin when she spotted a tear in Moll's pants, then mailed him an embroidered linen patch accompanied by a quotation from Thoreau on the value of mending old clothes. The college's aim, says Moll, is "to build a class full of differences."

FOR SALE: HIRAM SCOTT COLLEGE

JOHN W. HARRIS





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MUSIC

Campus Honors

Spring is the season when American college opera companies pretend that they are the Metropolitan, La Scala, or Covent Garden. Often the results amount to just that—pretending. This year, however, campuses are positively blooming with new opera productions and new opera houses that New York, Milan and London could well be proud of. The architecture and stage facilities tend to be lavish, the repertory venturesome and the level of performances impressively high. In Connecticut next week, the University of Bridgeport will open a \$5 million arts center with Neil Slater's *Agam, D.J.*, a rock-flavored updating of the Don Juan legend. Last week at Washington's Kennedy Center, a contingent from the University of Hawaii staged a 16th century Peking opera titled *Black Dragon Residence*, using tapes of authentic Oriental instruments and singing in English. Three other of last week's highlights:

Whatever immortality Composer Virgil Thomson wins will probably rest on his operas *Four Saints in Three Acts* (1934) and *Mother of Us All* (1947). Sophisticated and witty, both works catch up words and music in the kind of embrace that could be devised only by a man born to write for the voice. Thus the air of eager anticipation before last week's premiere of Thomson's third opera, *Lord Byron*, at Manhattan's Juilliard School. Would it once and for all establish Thomson as America's foremost operatic composer?

Alas, no. *Lord Byron* is infused with Thomson's musical craftsmanship—adroit trios and sextets, transparent orchestral writing—but not the expressive spark to illuminate the drama. An ex-

ception is the nostalgic suite of dances for the third-act ballet (choreographed by Alvin Ailey) that depicts Byron's travels, amours and death in Europe. The rest is a feeble reminder of a once-insinuating talent.

The story takes place after Byron's death, so the hero appears only in flashback and as a ghost. The whole work is framed as an answer to the question of why Westminster Abbey would not allow Byron's body to be interred there. Thomson might almost have called it "One Sinner in Three Acts," because he dwells almost exclusively on the rakish side of Byron's character—his playboy excesses, his foppish haughtiness, his promiscuous escapades with both sexes. The listener must take Byron's poetic and personal genius on faith.

It does not help at all that in Jack Larson's libretto, Byron is given some of his own best lines. "She walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies," is turned from soliloquy into colloquy, as the operatic Byron croons to one of his lady loves. "You walk in beauty," etc. Chuckles even broke out in the audience when Byron's friend, Thomas Moore, stepped to the stage apron to sing, "Remember that genius that gleamed in his verse." The tune turned out to be that for *Believe Me It All Those Endearing Young Charms*. True, the real Thomas Moore wrote that old favorite, but he might just have had a different, more intimate kind of apron in mind.

□ □ □

The University of Indiana's opera department compares with some of its rivals the way a 747 jet compares with Piper Cubs. Since 1948 the school has produced 107 operas. It gives a performance every week, has five bands, four orchestras, a ballet company and an am-

bition that overreaches many professional companies. To all that, Indiana has now added an \$11.3 million musical arts center. What better way to show off the new 1,460-seat theater than to put on an opera written by a faculty member? To wit: *Heracles*. Composer John Eaton's 3½-hour treatment of Sophocles' legendary Greek hero.

Eaton's epic is bristlingly serial and uncompromisingly cerebral. "It finished off eight centuries of musical technique, at least for me," says Eaton. For many listeners *Heracles* may simply have finished off serialism, suggesting that little more can be done to make that straitlaced and formulaic method of sticking notes together work in operatic terms. Eaton's grasp of musical technique is distinctly impressive, but his sense of theater is so undeveloped it verges on naiveté. *Heracles'* characters discourse at enormous length but never with enough musical depth to make themselves or their arguments convincing. Unlike most of his contemporaries, Eaton knows how to use an orchestra; his is big and tactful, never swamping the singers, but it only comments on the action. It does nothing to enlighten it.

Heracles could have used enlightenment. The plot is complicated, dealing with the hero's military and political feats, full of comparisons between then and now. Massive, glowering sets by the late C. Mario Cristini conjured up ancient architectural glories before which Indiana's large cast vocalized their lengthy roles with apparent ease, acting with an intensity that would have done credit to any major theater.

If only the opera had possessed the flair displayed by the stage crew after the opening night performance. While the audience followed instructions to stay in their seats, the curtains opened, platforms rolled, turntables spun, scenery zipped up and vanished heavenward. Then another stage rolled out, bearing an army of aproned waitresses

SCENE FROM JOHN EATON'S OPERA "HERACLES"



UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA'S NEW \$11.3 MILLION MUSICAL ARTS CENTER



MUSIC

and tables laden with complimentary food and drinks. Can the Met match that?

■ Robert T. Jones

Five years ago, retired Cincinnati industrialist J. Ralph Corbett—whose Corbett Foundation is one of U.S. opera's great benefactors—presented the University of Cincinnati with a new, 717-seat auditorium. Then Corbett and his wife Patricia decided that the university's music complex needed a more intimate house alongside it. To open its acoustically superb 400-seat Patricia Corbett Theater, the university announced what seemed an unlikely production: Pier Francesco Cavalli's 321-year-old opera *Calisto*, which Conductor Raymond Leppard dusted off for Britain's Glyndebourne Festival in 1970. By last week, the little-known *Calisto* was the hottest ticket in town.

No wonder. The work is an unabashed sex comedy, a Myra Breckenridge imbroglio of ungodly carryings-on among ancient deities. Cavalli's music floats along, endless melodious recitative, rich with strings, harps and harpsichord. The music makes even a blush-laden plot acceptable: Jove desires nubile Calisto, a virgin in the temple of Diana. Figuring correctly that Calisto will do anything Diana tells her, old Jove transforms himself into a replica of that bosomy goddess. Meanwhile the real Goddess Diana is cavorting with a local shepherd. After her gay, if confusing, romance, poor Calisto is turned first into a bear, then into the constellation of Ursa Major.

The Cincinnati students played their ribald roles with enormous style and verve, coping with the 17th century music as if it were as familiar as *La Bohème*. Set Designer Paul Shortt's floating clouds, silver rain and heavenly chariots were magically effective. The double Diana switched her sex with dazzling ease, garnering great applause from Cincinnati's sophisticates—and some rather hysterical giggles from startled youngsters who came unprepared for a lesbian love duet.

■ R.T.J.

Ebb and Flow at the Met

In his wood-lined, spacious office at the Metropolitan Opera, Sir Rudolf Bing last week played out the last days of his 22-year regime as general manager—declining farewell-party invitations, phoning instructions to his staff, checking on arrangements in the auditorium. One flight upstairs, in a cubbyhole barely big enough for one Valkyrie maiden, General Manager-Designate Goeran Gentele of Sweden prepared to take over next September—negotiating union contracts, lining up repertory, auditioning new singers.

So it goes at the Met these days. The tide of backstage events ebbs in one direction, rises in another. One might expect that Bing and Gentele confer regularly to compare notes and exchange strategies. But no. When at a

performance on the same evening, they sit in different boxes. "Mr. Gentele and I meet once or twice a week in the corridors, waving to each other—and that is all," says Bing. "So it appears that he gets all his information, if indeed he needs any, from the board of directors or other sources. My only source of information used to be the French restaurant across the plaza, but unfortunately, the headwaiter there has left."

Costly Indulgence. Bing does not make things any easier for Gentele than he has to. Before Gentele arrived, Bing scheduled the Met's creaking, embarrassingly shabby production of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* for Gentele's first opening night next September. Gentele quickly changed that: it will be a brand-new *Carmen* starring Marilyn Horne, with Leonard Bernstein conducting and Gentele himself directing. Bing also

(among them Nilsson, Price, Sutherland, Siepi, Gobbi, Milnes and Domingo) to demonstrate the kind of singing talent brought to the Met during the Bing regime. This was as it should be, for Bing has always concentrated more on big-name singers than on first-rate conductors or enlightened repertory. An hour of highlights from the gala will be broadcast over CBS-TV on Sunday, April 30. On June 30, after the company's spring tour and a three-week Verdi Festival back at the Met, Bing will close the libretto on the second-longest general managership in Met history (Giulio Gatti-Casazza's reign lasted from 1908 to 1935).

It was an epoch-making tenure. In 1950, when Bing took over from Edward Johnson, the Met was verging on the second rate. The music making was lackluster, the existing sets tattered and

HENRY GOODMAN



OUTGOING MET GENERAL MANAGER RUDOLF BING & HIS SUCCESSOR GOERAN GENTELE

A caste-conscious autocrat, and a democrat who even knows the stagehands.

spent a probable \$700,000 on his swan song, last March's new and spectacularly good production (by Franco Zeffirelli) of Verdi's *Otello*, when the nine-year-old and commensurately splendid Eugene Berman production was in perfectly good shape. That indulgence (including 100 costly costumes that were never used) will not help Gentele at all in the current labor negotiations he must settle by this summer if the Met is to open.

Their styles of operation are almost as different as the men themselves. Bing, stern and aloof, is a caste-conscious, immaculately tailored autocrat invariably trailed by a deferential retinue. Sir Rudolf to almost everyone. Gentele, 54, hale and smiling, is a democrat in a loose-fitting sports jacket who makes it his business to know everyone down to stagehands and chorus members, many of whom simply call him Goeran.

The regular 1971-72 season ended last week with an extravagant, five-hour operatic gala (top price \$1000) arranged, directed and virtually orchestrated and choreographed by Bing himself. On hand were 43 superstars

with ticket sales sluggish, morale was as low as one of Boris Godunov's sighs. By sheer dictatorial and sometimes arrogant personal force, Bing moved the company from artistic bankruptcy into the operatic black. A gifted fund raiser, though not much of a collective bargainer, he made the Met a vital part of the U.S. musical community again. Starting three years ago, though, Bing's *chutzpa* began to alienate both labor and the paying customers. Box office sales, once a phenomenal 97% of capacity, were down to 88% last year.

Nowadays Bing is correcting galleys on his memoirs, which Doubleday will publish in the fall and which will give him, as usual, the last word on most of the controversies that have cracked during his tenure. Now 70, he plans to remain in New York to lecture and continue giving a course in theatrical management and production at Brooklyn College. And perhaps look in now and then on what his successor is up to. Says Bing: "I have no doubt Mr. Gentele may make some mistakes. I have made many. I have no doubt he will have many successes. I have had some."

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PHASE II

Scrutinizing Profits

The long-awaited report card on this year's first quarter, released last week, provided statistical support for almost everyone's favorite argument about the economy. Yes, the nation is well on its way toward a strong recovery from the recession, as was shown by a full-steam rise of almost 12% in the gross national product, to an annual rate of \$1.103 billion. That is right on the path toward the full-year gain of almost \$100 billion predicted by the Nixon Administration. But no, the economy is not registering as much real growth as it should; more than half of the G.N.P. rise, 6.2%, simply reflects higher prices.

Why did prices jump so fast? In part it was because inflation during the last two quarters of 1971, which cover the period of Nixon's freeze, was held to the abnormally low rate of 2% or so. Thus some of the price increases early this year were onetime catch-up measures. Assistant Commerce Secretary Harold Passer predicted that inflation during the second quarter would show only a 4% gain and then "taper off." His forecast gained considerable credence when the March consumer price index appeared. For the first time in more than five years, store prices showed no increase above those of the previous month—a very hopeful sign.

Treble Refunds. Even so, the substantial spurts in living costs during earlier months have created a rising feeling of frustration among the nation's workers. At Congressional Joint Economic Committee hearings last week, Pay Board Chairman George Boldt boasted that wage increases allowed by the board have averaged only 4.3% since Phase II started in November. Committee Chairman William Proxmire^{*} observed that "wages are being controlled more effectively than prices."

Price Commission Chief C. Jackson Grayson vowed that his group will get much tougher with firms that ask for—or have already been granted—price raises. Some 250 investigators are examining the first-quarter profit statements of 2,000 big companies, most of which have increased prices. The sleuths are scanning newspapers for stories of any large profit increases.

Under the commission's rules, big firms are not allowed to increase their profit margins—their earnings as a percentage of sales—over those of a pre-freeze base period. But of 129 reports so far examined, Grayson reported, no fewer than 51 exceeded the allowable limit on margins. When asked by a member of Proxmire's committee

whether he would order violators to roll back prices and make refunds to customers, Grayson replied: "That's exactly what we hope to do." Price violators are liable under law for treble refunds. Just how literally the Price Commission interprets its own rules might well turn into a lively political issue this year.

Price rollbacks would reduce profits and infuriate many businessmen. They argue rightly that profits are the necessary fuel for still further expansion of the economy and that until re-

TAXES

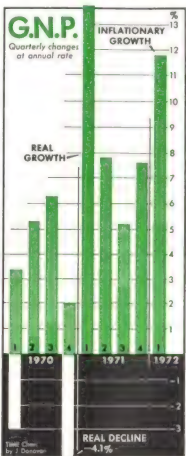
Looking into Loopholes

Searching hard for an issue to hit head-on, Edmund Muskie last week accused a list of big corporations of loopholing their way out of all federal income taxes. Speaking in New Castle, Pa., Muskie named "eight giant corporations" that "paid no federal income taxes in one of the last two years." They were: Aluminum Co. of America, Allied Chemical, Bethlehem Steel, National Steel, Republic Steel, Standard Oil of Ohio, U.S. Steel and Westvaco Corp. Officers of the firms disputed Muskie's charges, and it was hard to tell who was right. Under current tax-reporting requirements, outsiders—even presidential candidates—simply cannot find out how much a corporation actually pays in federal income taxes during a given year.

For example, although U.S. Steel reported earnings of \$154 million and paid \$97 million in dividends for last year, its annual report declares that "no provision for taxes on incomes is required for 1971." After that statement was repeated on the House floor by Ohio's Charles Vanik, the company made an elaboration. It stated that, although for accounting reasons no provision for income taxes had to be reported to stockholders, U.S. Steel had indeed paid some federal income tax in 1971. These payments may have involved using tax credits built up in prior years, and the company may still owe deferred taxes on its 1971 income. Corporations are not required to report such arrangements, and U.S. Steel declined to expand on its claim.

Biggest Break. Muskie promised, if elected, to eliminate three corporate tax breaks—accelerated depreciation, investment tax credits and intangible mineral drilling cost deductions—and to "cut down" the oil and mineral depletion allowance. Actually, the first two became effective part way through last year; thus they had little effect on 1971 taxes and none at all on those for 1970. The other two, while highly profitable to oil companies and mineral firms, are not the main reason for their low tax rates. Their biggest break is the dollar-for-dollar write-off allowed on royalties paid to foreign governments.

Each of these tax procedures has either been passed by Congress or otherwise approved by the Government, and valuable incentives for economic growth may be endangered if some of them become prime political targets. But given the rising populist mood, much more will be heard about corporate tax reform during the election campaign—and about some candidates' demands that every company reporting a profit should pay at least some tax.



cently they have been low. But recent profit gains, some of them spectacular, are bound to lead to questioning of whether some earnings have been rising too fast lately. Companies as varied as Goodyear and IBM have just reported the highest earnings in their history; the first-quarter, after-tax profits of 669 U.S. companies averaged 12% above those of a year ago. It will be the difficult job of the Price Commission to determine whether to promote fast profit growth in order to stoke further economic expansion, or to hold back the earnings rise in hopes of lowering the rate of inflation.

*Whose new hair transplants are being referred to as Fuzz II



MONTHLY MEETING OF INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH EXECUTIVES IN BRUSSELS

BUSINESS

CORPORATIONS

ITT's Big Conglomerate of Troubles

A corporation exists by public acceptance.

—ITT Annual Report for 1971

HARDLY any statement could have been more spectacularly mistimed. When it was written several months ago, International Telephone and Telegraph seemed the beau ideal of corporate success: under the twelve-year reign of Chairman and President Harold Sydney Geneen, it had run up a dazzling profit-growth record by expanding into almost every conceivable business in some 80 countries round the world. But by the time the report was issued in March, ITT was enmeshed in a series of controversies that have seriously undermined its "public acceptance." Indeed, they have provided a case history of the perils of relationships—for both sides—between big multinational corporations and Government.

ITT has been hit by a public relations version of the domino effect: one charge against the company has led to an intensified examination by newsmen and politicians of just about everything the company is up to. The troubles began with the publication of the famous Dita Beard memo linking the company's offer to help bankroll this summer's Republican National Convention, through its Sheraton hotel chain, to the Government's settlement of a major antitrust suit against ITT. The settlement will force ITT to sell several companies but allows it to keep the big one it really wanted, Hartford Fire Insurance.

Next, newspaper reporters spotlighted the fact that some ITT officers had sold substantial blocks of stock shortly before announcement in mid-1971 of the settlement—an announcement that temporarily knocked down the stock price. Then the assault was heated to new intensity as Columnist Jack Anderson (TIME cover, April 3) published authentic-looking

ITT memos describing a 1970 plan to prevent Marxist Salvador Allende from taking office as President of Chile by causing "economic collapse" in that country. And most recently, Democratic politicians have been decrying the fact that ITT has paid only relatively modest current federal and Canadian taxes—less than 25%—on its mammoth earnings.

Fuel for Critics. To be sure, ITT has not been proved guilty of any wrongdoing; for example, its methods of computing its taxes seem entirely legal. But in attempting to lay to rest the suspicions, Geneen and his aides have sometimes seemed like small boys caught stealing ripe apples. Testifying at Senate hearings, they have told confusing stories and committed some incredible gaffes. The most memorable, perhaps, was Vice President William R. Merriam's explanation of why he ordered ITT's Washington files fed into a paper shredder after publication of the Dita Beard memo. Democratic Senator Sam Ervin remarked that "you could not destroy that memo because you did not have it." Merriam's reply: "No, that is right, but there might have been a lot of others in there like that."

The whole performance has raised questions about the competence of some ITT executives, shaken the reputations of some Nixon Administration officials, and hurt the nation's political relations with certain foreign governments. In the U.S., the ITT controversy has dragged out the confirmation of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General—because as Deputy Attorney General he approved the antitrust settlement—and handed Democrats an easy opportunity to portray the Nixon Administration as too readily swayed by giant corporations. More generally, it has reopened an old debate about whether business bigness, particularly conglomerate bigness, is bad. Business-

men around the U.S. complain that the ITT affair has hurt them, too, because it has blackened the image of business in general and given fresh fuel to its increasingly vocal critics. In Latin America, the ITT case has given gleeful leftists the opportunity to aim their attacks on imperialistic *Yanqui* business against an identifiable company rather than a fuzzy abstraction.

The ultimate effects on ITT itself are not yet clear. The company seems as powerful a multinational force as ever. It boasts more than 200 primary divisions and subsidiaries and countless sub-subsidiaries* on every continent, which among other things operate the hot line between Washington and Mos-

*One business manual lists 284 subsidiaries of ITT subsidiaries, but others are untallied, and there are also subsidiaries of subsidiaries of subsidiaries, or sub-sub-subs.



CHAIRMAN & PRESIDENT GENEEN
Growth, growth, growth.



ITT INC.

made almost all its past acquisitions in exchange for stock. The recent controversies have driven down the price of its shares from an early 1972 high of \$64.50 to \$55.75 last week, making it less attractive to the owners of any company Genene might covet. The controversies will also make federal and state government officials supercautious in dealing with ITT executives who approach them for favorable tax, merger or regulatory decisions.

The furor over ITT is not likely to die down. Last week it took some new turns. In Washington, Presidential Assistant Peter Flanigan, Nixon's chief problem solver for businessmen, appeared at long last before the Senate Judiciary Committee to testify on his role in the consent decree that allowed ITT to keep Hartford Fire Insurance. His appearance averted a confrontation between the Senate and White House over "executive privilege"—the claimed right of presidential aides not to be summoned before Congress. But Flanigan declined to answer many questions, among them what meetings about the case he might have had with Kleindienst or ITT officials. He would only say that he had served as a "conduit" to get for the Justice Department an independent appraisal of the effects of an ITT-Hartford breakup, written by Richard Ramsden, a financial analyst. The committee then voted to end the six-week hearings on Kleindienst's nomination for Attorney General that have delved deeply into the consent decree. Kleindienst's confirmation now seems likely but not certain.

Earlier last week, Ramsden had cut the ground out from under a key part of the Administration's explanation of why it had let ITT get away with a consent decree allowing it to keep Hartford. Ramsden's report went to Richard McLaren, former Justice Department antitrust chief, who said that it

had convinced him that breaking up the merger would have shaken the stock market and hurt the U.S. economy. Ramsden testified last week that his report justified no such conclusions.*

Not surprisingly, ITT was also under siege in Chile. An angry President Allende announced that he would ask the Chilean Congress to nationalize the \$222 million Chile Telephone Co., which is 70% owned by ITT, and possibly other ITT Chilean properties as well. He made no mention of compensation. Expropriation seems likely: no Chilean Congressman is now prepared to defend ITT. Thus the company seems to have little hope of recovering the \$70 million that it deducted from 1971 profits to cover expected losses, even after insurance payments, on its Chilean investment. Counting that deduction, the company's net profits dropped from \$362 million in 1970 to \$337 million last year, though operating profits before the deduction rose to \$407 million.

Monastic Order. Naturally, ITT could brush off that blow—but not gracefully. To company executives, any interruption in net growth, even if it is temporary and local, appears to strike at the essence of ITT. Genene views his company not as a collection of plants and products, nor even as the management system on which ITT incessantly prides itself, but as a mystique. ITT men consider themselves an elite corps dedicated to a single cause: operating profits shall increase every quarter—a goal that ITT achieved for 50 consecutive quarters through the end of 1971. To that cause they are expected to sacrifice.

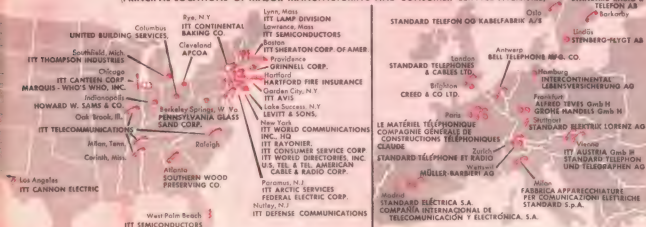
*Columnist Joseph Kraft nevertheless insisted last week that the Administration genuinely feared in the spring of 1971, when the economy and a number of overstretched Wall Street brokerage houses were in trouble, that an ITT-Hartford breakup would have hurt the economy badly enough to damage President Nixon's political stature.

cow, manufacture telephones in Australia, Brazil and Norway, and run the Hamilton mutual funds in the U.S. A consumer who became annoyed with ITT would have a difficult time boycotting it: he could not rent an Avis car, buy a Levitt house, sleep in a Sheraton hotel, park in an APCOA garage, use Scott's fertilizer or seed, eat Wonder Bread or Morton frozen foods. He would have to turn his eyes away from the advertising posters on commuter trains and buses (ITT owns TDI, the company that rents space for the cards), and he could not have watched any televised reports of President Nixon's visit to China (ITT World Communications coordinated all the transmission). The wealthy and powerful who might wish to avoid contact with ITT would suffer a special privation: they would have to refuse listing in *Who's Who*. ITT owns that, too.

ITT seems vulnerable in some other ways. In the past, it has grown largely by acquisition. Between 1964 and mid-1971, it absorbed no fewer than 98 companies. The antitrust settlement now effectively bars ITT from acquiring any U.S. company with annual sales of \$100 million or more, and the bad publicity that has lately befallen ITT might impose further limits. ITT has

ITT IN THE U.S. & EUROPE

(PRINCIPAL LOCATIONS OF MAJOR MANUFACTURING AND CONSUMER SERVICE FACILITIES)



Time Map by V. Radial

BUSINESS

ITTs, a Brussels host who gave a party for ITT European officials from New York last year got them to attend only by promising that he would be the sole non-ITT person there.

Does this high-pressure, inbred management system work? In terms of the figures that Geneen loves, it certainly seems to work splendidly. Between 1959 and 1971, ITT's revenues multiplied almost ten times, to \$7.3 billion, and operating profits 14 times. (Earnings per share showed a much smaller rise because ITT has issued so much

new stock to pay for acquisitions.) But in the recent intense re-examination of ITT, financial experts are beginning to ask some probing questions to which the figures disclose no answers.

One question is how ITT will fare after the 62-year-old Geneen retires. That will happen three years from now, unless Geneen exempts himself from a general company rule specifying retirement at 65. There is no clear successor. Some former ITT executives express the heretical thought that the company is too big and complex for anyone else

to manage effectively. Certainly the organization contains the potential for turning into an unwieldy bureaucracy. The system that Geneen has crafted so carefully might well need someone with his extremely rare blend of drive, decisiveness and astonishing capacity to absorb figures.

Even now, there is some doubt whether the figures that Geneen is producing are all that precise as a guide to ITT's profitability. The company's earnings have benefited enormously from its acquisitions, particularly because ITT,

Geneen's Visible Persuaders

ITT has long sought to carve out a distinctive reputation as an enlightened, superbly coordinated international giant. To burnish its image, make friends and influence people, the company has put together a team of about 60 seasoned, high-priced specialists in public and Government relations and given them unusual scope to practice their craft. They are professional persuaders who try to woo the press, politicians, businessmen and anybody else who might be useful to the company. Except that it is somewhat larger and has more of a reputation for aggressiveness than most, ITT's public relations department is fairly typical of those of many big corporations.

ITT's public relations men lavish Christmas gifts and expense-account lunches on journalists and politicians. Important Government contacts are provided with a private plane for business and pleasure junkets to sports events or weekend hideaways. Favored Government officials are sometimes surprised to be called on in foreign cities by ITT personnel, who will rustle up company-paid hotel accommodations and find a good restaurant. Though business is often unmentioned in all the fun and games, anyone taking advantage of them naturally becomes indebted, in various degrees, to ITT.

A crucial part of public relations at ITT is anticipating press and television stories about the conglomerate and trying to get the company's view included. It helps that many of ITT's publicists are former newsmen. Company flacks often go to press clubs, attend the weekly lunches of U.S. correspondents' associations abroad and put in appearances at meetings of journalistic societies like Sigma Delta Chi. Says ITT's Washington News Director John Horner: "It's good for us, and frequently it's good for them."

Sometimes ITT's operatives are too smooth for their own good. Recently Yale Brozen, a University of Chicago economist, assailed the Federal Trade Commission in a speech, likening the agency's crackdown on deceptive or puff advertising claims to "star-chamber proceedings" and "Salem witch hunts." The speech got wide publicity. One fact not mentioned in the stories was that Brozen is a paid consultant to Harshe-Rotman & Druck, a public relations firm, which arranged for him to speak in various luncheon clubs. The firm is employed by ITT Continental Baking Co., which has been warned by the FTC to tone down its advertising claims of unique nutritional value in Wonder Bread.

ITT people can play rough when the company's interests are threatened. Eileen Shanahan, a New York Times economics reporter in Washington, charges that

she was repeatedly badgered by company public relations men when she was covering ITT's unsuccessful efforts to acquire the American Broadcasting Co. in 1967. She says that ITT publicists, including Edward J. ("Ned") Gerrity Jr., the public relations chief, complained to her that her reporting was biased, threatened to call her editors and questioned her former employers about her sex life. Gerrity denies knowledge of any threats against Mrs. Shanahan or of investigations into her background.

ITT Senior Vice President Gerrity, 48, a onetime columnist for the *Scranton Times*, joined the company in 1958. For a publicist, the generally affable Gerrity wields unusual clout. He is in charge of all ITT's advertising and public and Government relations and is a member of the 12-man management policy committee, headed by Geneen. He confers every day with Geneen,

WILLIAM BERNETT



PUBLIC RELATIONS CHIEF NED GERRITY

travels with him and acts as a sort of privy counselor. Geneen will say to Gerrity: "Here's what we've been thinking of doing. How will it sound? What can we say?" Last year the conglomerate spent \$93 million in advertising, public relations, trade shows and education programs.

In Washington, public and Government relations staffers—including Dita Beard—gather news and help make it. For example, a former foreign service officer combs the State Department for information, and several former members of congressional staff committees scout out newsy morsels on legislation. Says News Director Horner, who spent 30 years in journalism, much of it with the *Washington Star*: "We provide an early warning system for anything that the corporation or its subsidiaries might be interested in." Vice President William R. Merriam, member of an old, socially prominent Washington family, gives ITT what all its money could not buy—an entrée into the city's inner circle. He can open doors to exclusive places like the F Street Club, which his aunt helped found.

In Europe and Latin America, where much of ITT's business consists of selling communications equipment to state-owned telephone systems, the emphasis is on cultivating government officials. Latin American public relations are headed by Harold ("Hal") Hendrix, a onetime Scripps-Howard newsmen who won a Pulitzer Prize for his disclosure of the Soviet missile buildup in Cuba, and has close ties with the Central Intelligence Agency. Columnist Jack Anderson's revelations of ITT's involvement in Chile's politics are based on memos written largely by Hendrix and Robert Berrellez, a former Associated Press reporter who is ITT's p.r. chief in Buenos Aires.

By any measure, ITT's public relations operation is big, experienced, industrious. The most remarkable thing is that it could not foresee or prevent the worst public relations crisis in the company's history.

like most conglomerates, uses the "pooling of interest" method of merger accounting. That allows a company that acquires another firm to count as its own all profits the acquired firm earns for the whole year, even if the acquisition is made late in the year. But how well have ITT's component companies done after they were acquired? That question is gaining importance now that ITT is legally prevented from buying up U.S. companies as freely as in the past.

The few figures available for companies after acquisition by ITT indicate that they have maintained strong profit-growth rates of about 10% a year. But it is impossible to determine how much of that resulted from changes that ITT made in their accounting systems as soon as it took them over. Whenever Geneen's company has faced a choice between two accounting methods, it has selected the one that enables it to report the highest immediate profits. Depreciation, interest costs, changes in pension plans, investment tax credits, foreign exchange losses, to name only a few items—all are treated in ways that minimize deductions from current profits or maximize additions to them.

High Risk. ITT has also chosen frequently to report as operating income gains from the sales of assets; a more conservative course would be to report such gains as nonoperating profit, or extraordinary income. An example is the \$36 million that Hartford Fire Insurance earned last year by selling stocks from its investment portfolio. By counting the \$36 million as operating profit, ITT inflated the picture of its operating success. All together, ITT last year reported as operating income more than \$54 million in gains from sales of assets. Some expert accountants calculate that if ITT chose relatively conservative accounting procedures (such as, for example, those used by General Electric), its internal rate of profit growth might be substantially reduced. Slower growth would lead to a lower price for ITT stock—and less opportunity for making acquisitions on favorable terms.

If ITT's internal growth had been entirely satisfactory, it is hard to see why the company would have gone to the lengths it did to acquire Hartford. Of course, the insurance company was a highly desirable plum. Last year it posted revenues of \$1.3 billion and profits of \$105 million, or 26% of ITT's operating earnings. In addition, insurance companies generate enormous flows of cash, and usually hold in their portfolios stocks that are worth much more on the market than it had cost to buy them. The acquiring company can reap easy profits by selling these stocks at their higher market value. Still, ITT took a quite uncharacteristic risk in acquiring Hartford over the Justice Department's initial opposition.

In May 1970, when the Justice Department's suit to break up the merger was still very much alive, ITT issued 21.7 million shares of preferred stock in

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SHERATON SAN CRISTOBAL IN SANTIAGO, CHILE



ITT SWITCHING FACTORY IN MADRID



ITT TELECOMMUNICATIONS EXCHANGE IN ABIDJAN



WONDER BREAD LINE IN THE U.S.

order to pay for the company. It is committed to pay almost \$49 million in dividends yearly on that stock to the former owners of Hartford. If it had been forced to give up the insurance company, ITT would have had to go on paying those dividends without having Hartford's earnings to cover them. That would have been a heavy drain on the cash Geneen would have had available to reinvest in ITT's other businesses. Possibly ITT could have arranged a sale of Hartford in some way that would have enabled it to get rid of the new preferred stock—and the need to pay dividends—but that would have been a long and difficult process.

At any rate, ITT executives decided to make an all-out effort to keep the Hartford antitrust case from even coming to trial. Geneen and ITT Director Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the investment banking house of Lazard Frères, sought out every available Administration official—Flanigan, Kleindienst and former Attorney General John Mitchell among them—to complain in private meetings about the Administration's antitrust policy. They succeeded, but at enormous cost to ITT's public image. That cost points to the most glaring flaw in Geneen's philosophy and system of management. It can easily produce the kind of surprise that all ITT's figures cannot warn against: the shock of discovering that there is an outside world filled with people to whom continuous increases in ITT profits do not necessarily seem the *summum bonum*.

ITT does not altogether lack political acumen. In both Europe and Latin America, it has wisely had its companies staffed—although usually not owned—by local citizens. Geneen leaves the local managers fairly free to set their own policies so long as their profit figures satisfy him. Says Frank Pepermans, a former Ford Motor executive who is managing director of ITT's Belgian telephone-manufacturing subsidiary: "At Ford, all policies were made in Dearborn. At ITT, I am not a Belgian working for an American company. I am a Belgian running one of Belgium's most important companies." In Latin America, ITT's profile before the Chile blowup was so low that Orlando Saez, head of the Chilean equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers, says: "I have a telephone in my house and it usually works. Until recently, that was all I knew of ITT."

Unrelated Help. ITT also appreciates the value of having important public figures on its side. The parent company's board includes John McCone, former head of the CIA, and Eugene Black, onetime chief of the World Bank. Paul-Henri Spaak, three times Prime Minister of Belgium, is a director of ITT's Belgian subsidiary. His prestige helped mightily in winning permission for ITT to put up a skyscraper European headquarters in Brussels, despite local protests that it would fracture the Brussels skyline.

When seeking a favorable government decision, ITT often agrees to provide some unrelated economic benefit. In Peru, it agreed to build an \$8,000,000 hotel and a factory in order to get a favorable settlement of the government's attempt to take over the ITT-owned telephone subsidiary.

In the U.S., ITT's takeover of Hartford Fire Insurance required the permission of Connecticut's insurance commissioner William Cotter, who then held the job, initially disapproved. Later some politicians in Hartford expressed a desire to get ITT to help with the city's urban renewal. Cotter brought them together with Geneen, Rohatyn and himself in May 1970—and the next day approved the acquisition of Hartford Fire. ITT has subsequently built a Sheraton Hotel in Hartford.

Profits and Values. When they are blocked by government action, however, ITT executives can show a startling insensitivity to public opinion. A few years ago, the Argentine government wanted to tie into a satellite-communications network, in which ITT would have had a minor interest or none at all, instead of continuing to rely on cable communications, a major field of ITT interest. James R. McNitt, president of ITT World Communications in Argentina, issued a statement: "The Latin American countries, as well as the African countries—with the sole exception of South Africa—seem to prefer satellite communications. They are wrong." His remarks outraged racially proud Argentines, who thought that he was lumping them with Black Africans while ITT classed itself with South Africans. Such blunders cause some Argentine officials to grumble about "*estos estúpidos de la ITT*" (these stupid ITT people). Argentina eventually tied into a satellite system in which ITT has little share.

Both strains—a desire for political influence and an insensitivity to the "real world" outside—came together in ITT dealings in Washington about the Hartford merger. Geneen and his aides all seem to have had no idea that their private meetings with Administration leaders could give the appearance of a political fix. As for their commitment to help finance the Republican Convention through the Sheraton chain, that may have been merely a promotional venture for new hotels, as Geneen and his associates contend. Surely they could not have thought that they could buy the Justice Department. But there is good reason to believe that the commitment also represented an attempt to add a bit more weight to ITT's case—in sublime innocence of the gross impropriety of any such idea.

That is the sort of naiveté that U.S. business can no longer afford. ITT has clearly been a leader in the consuming drive for higher profits. But Geneen's direction has not yet fitted it to an age in which all corporations must give great weight to broader values.



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BOOKS

The Last Prayers

DELUSIONS, ETC.

by JOHN BERRYMAN

69 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$6.95.

These are the last poems of a major American poet who killed himself in January by jumping from a bridge over the Mississippi. In some ways his suicide at 57 made no sense. In recent years he finally achieved some of the fame, honors and money he deserved, and he appeared to enjoy them. Among people, he was an ebullient man with a trumpeting voice and a long, bushy beard—generous, energetic, brash. But he suffered acutely from alcoholism and remorse over what he considered a messy, misspent life. He did not forgive himself: "At fifty-five half-famous & effective, I still feel rotten about myself," he wrote in one of his poems.

Though Berryman was a mature

shown a desperate man. In *Delusions* he reached the terminal realization that for him nothing was going to work—not love or fame, children or friends, not God himself. The best poems are religious. Brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, Berryman left it early, only to return in his last years, partly because his third wife, Kate, was Catholic. Instead of consolation he found God a heavy burden. Contemplation became an obsessive examination of conscience.

*Vanity! hog-vanity, ape-lust
slimed half my blue day . . .
his great commands
have reached me here—to love my
enemy
as I love me—which is quite out of
the question!
and worse still, to love You with my
whole mind . . .*

These poems are the more powerful because of their astonishing direct-

ness. Berryman had by this point mastered the technical problems in projecting his tense, lonely, anguished voice. As a young man he wrote impeccable poems that sounded just like Yeats. In his 40s he established his own sound in the loose series of hundreds of "dream songs" in which an alter ego named Henry spoke the author's mind in slangy, staccato rhythms. Henry appears in some of this collection, but Berryman had moved away from songs to these final, racked prayers.

Occasionally the earlier, more resilient Berryman still surfaces. There is a wonderful bravura hymn to Beethoven; a hymn to a Minnesota Thanksgiving feast that ends with a hearty "Yippee"; bouquets tossed at Frost and his drink-

*Off the coast was an island. P'tit
Mamaun,
the bluff from Richard's lawn was
almost sheer.
A chill at four o'clock . . .
it occurred to me
that one night, instead of warm
pajamas,
I'd take off all my clothes & cross
the damp cold lawn & down the
bluff
into the terrible water & walk
forever
under it out toward the island.*

—Martha Duffy

A Moveable Fast

THE NICK ADAMS STORIES

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

268 pages. Scribners. \$7.95.

One of the things that Ernest Hemingway taught a generation of imitators was that the way to write good stories is to leave things out. Not just the bad bits, but good ones, so that what remains bears an extraordinary tension. His leaving out extended to entire manuscripts, and when he shot himself in 1961, leaving out the remainder of his life, his trunk was full of finished work which he had not allowed to be published. Since then his literary executors have been busy putting things back in. However reverent their motives, what they do is mostly mischief.

The latest example is the addition to the familiar Nick Adams stories of 100 pages of previously unpublished fragments. There can be no pretense that the fragments are anything but rejects. Judged against the author's other work, none are much better than mediocre, and most are worse than that. They were written, and then written off, at the beginning of Hemingway's career. If he had wanted to change his mind about them, he had 30 years or more to do so. The legitimate Nick Adams stories were written and cut ruthlessly according to the leaving-out principle. The technique worked. Nick may be Hemingway's alter ego, but readers know very little about him. It is not always clear, in fact, what the author feels about him. Important stretches are missing from his life. But those empty spaces are haunted; they resonate.

That, of course, is what makes *Big Two-Hearted River* one of the best of Hemingway's stories. What has moved Nick to make a fishing trip, alone, in Michigan country he has not seen for years, is never hinted at. The standard suggestion, a reasonable one, is that he has been to war. Perhaps, on the other hand, he has merely been living a



THE LATE POET JOHN BERRYMAN, IN MANHATTAN IN 1967
Mourning for the loss of a father.

poet of far greater range and accomplishment than Sylvia Plath, the manner of their deaths makes some comparison inevitable. The most arresting similarity is a common rage and mourning for the loss of a father in childhood. Apparently there is no healing this deep, mysterious psychic wound, and Berryman's complaint is harsher than Plath's. Her father succumbed to disease; his shot himself. "When will indifference come," he pleaded in *Dream Songs*.

*I'd like to . . .
ax the casket open hie
to see
just how he's taking it, which
he sought so hard.*

Increasingly, Berryman's work has

ness. Berryman had by this point mastered the technical problems in projecting his tense, lonely, anguished voice. As a young man he wrote impeccable poems that sounded just like Yeats. In his 40s he established his own sound in the loose series of hundreds of "dream songs" in which an alter ego named Henry spoke the author's mind in slangy, staccato rhythms. Henry appears in some of this collection, but Berryman had moved away from songs to these final, racked prayers.

Occasionally the earlier, more resilient Berryman still surfaces. There is a wonderful bravura hymn to Beethoven; a hymn to a Minnesota Thanksgiving feast that ends with a hearty "Yippee"; bouquets tossed at Frost and his drink-

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brackish city life. No matter. Nick fishes deliberately, and deliberately does not think of where he has been, and the story is fine.

Chinking the empty spaces in Nick's life with torn-off bits of prose, arranged chronologically so as to provide more information about him, is not an improvement. The resonance is dulled. We are given, for example, three pages about young Nick's nighttime fears, which Hemingway cut from the beginning of *Indian Camp*. There is a mawkish 63-page shard of an unfinishable novel, telling how the teen-aged Nick and his kid sister hide in the woods to escape a couple of improbably Snopesian game wardens. (In his Hemingway biography Carlos Baker very properly deals with the incident in a few paragraphs. Apparently Ernest had killed



HEMINGWAY IN SUN VALLEY, 1939
Wastebasket revisited.

some game out of season, and, considering himself to be in hideous trouble, spent some time skulking through the forest in romantic despair. No one pursued him.)

The only passable new work offered here is a twelve-page story called *Summer People*. It contains a fairly explicit lovemaking scene, and Hemingway may have held it back from publication rather than submit to censorship. But he could have published the story after, say, 1950, and he chose not to. Presumably he thought it was not worth the trouble.

The book does have one justification. It is a fine excuse to read the old stories again. They are what they were. *Indian Camp* is good, but the suicide that ends it is phony. *The Killers*, though much anthologized, is merely muscle-flexing. The tiny, less than 200-word story in which Nick lies wounded against the wall of the Italian church is superb. So is *A Way You'll Never Be*

So is *Big Two-Hearted River*, for that matter. The two brief skiing stories are very good; almost no one writes well about skiing.

Let it go at that. Dead writers and their wastebaskets should be left in peace. ■ John Skow

Gross Under Pressure

FLASH FOR FREEDOM!

by GEORGE MacDonald FRASER
287 pages. Knopf, \$6.95.

In this, the third installment of his maculate memoirs, Harry Flashman comes to the United States (circa 1848). As usual it is all a terrible mistake. "Whenever I'm feeling up to the mark and congratulating myself," the great boulder glumly remarks, "some fearful fate trips me headlong, and I find myself haring for cover with my guts churning and Nemesis in full cry after me."

In this case, fate's banana peel is a game of *vingt et un* with (among others) Benjamin Disraeli. Flashy is precipitated through a few more dead waters of Victorian history and into a series of unspeakable yet plausible adventures. Among them are a slaving voyage, a sea battle off New Orleans, a meeting with Abe Lincoln (who spots him for a fraud, but not before Flashman tosses off a nice line about fooling some of the people all of the time), and a brief term of actual enslavement. "By the time you laboured in the sun a spell, you brown up pretty good, I reckon," says the plantation owner. Thereafter Flashy manages a cold-sweat crossing of the Ohio River on—what else?—ice floes, and demonstrates (again and again) his unusual if limited talents ("I doubt if there's a man living who can move faster with his pants around his ankles than I can").

Some credit must go to "Editor" Fraser, whose excellent legitimate history of the Scottish borders, *The Steel Bonnets* (Knopf), has just been published. Equipped with nothing more than a few basic history texts and a taste for turpitude, Fraser now appears to be parlaying the fictional recollections of his imaginary character into something closely resembling a perpetual motion novel. Of course it helps to have a rotter like Harry Flashman up front. "Bluff, my boy—bluff, shift and lie for the sake of your neck and the honor of Old England." ■ Charles Elliott

Subway Syndrome

THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE V.
by JAMES PARK SLOAN

148 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95.

In the middle of his brilliant and enigmatic second novel, James Park Sloan invents the "subway syndrome." Its victims are those overeducated drunks encountered in the subways late at night, frantically spitting out manic monologues at the tile walls. Ex-law-

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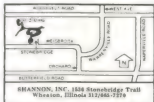
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JAMES PARK SLOAN

Trigonometry at the net.

yers, ex-teachers, even ex-psychiatrists (who knows?), these gray-stubbled ruins with burning eyes represent, Sloan suggests, "the human psyche driven underground . . . by a sense of helplessness in the face of an overwhelming body of human knowledge, subtly divided and incomprehensible to any single man." They don't know—they can't know—The Answer, and that knowledge is killing them.

Sloan, 27, has taken on an anti-hero so refined he is practically a mathematical abstract. The author has broken down this problem solver into a human being by confronting him with problems the higher math cannot solve.

In the beginning Comrade V is a case of the scientist-as monstrous prig. When he played goalie on his school soccer team, young V effortlessly blocked shots as exercises in trigonometry. At his father's funeral he coolly analyzed the seating patterns of mourners as a bimodal distribution. After he married, he computed the time his wife and children were subtracting from his fruitful professional computing—and promptly abandoned them.

Such efficiency soon made V. the premier mathematician in the County of _____. He occupied a prestigious university chair. Research foundations competed to give him grants. He was appointed consultant to the National Bureau of Statistical Analysis. What more could a figure-freak want?

Then V. made an inaccurate projection of the barley harvest, or anyway he was accused of an inaccurate projection. Before anyone could say $E=mc^2$, he was detained in a white, windowless room in the oddest sort of building ("everything from Byzantine to modern institutional"): an unnamed political prisoner in an unnamed state.

The reader confidently recognizes himself in Kafka country and prepares

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to stalk long antiseptic corridors in search of that unnamed chief clerk known to Kafka as God. But Sloan's complexity makes Kafka seem elementary stuff. Mixing diaries, psychiatrists' reports, and computer print-outs, Sloan systematically undermines the original account of Comrade V. by offering alternative versions:

Is V. really a political deviationist being brainwashed by Big Brother, or is he a monomaniac who only thinks he is a mathematician and only supposes he is being persecuted? Or is V. perhaps a gifted psychiatrist pretending to be a monomaniac who role-plays as a mathematician?

As the author invites the thoroughly turned-around reader to consider these possibilities, Sloan's literary master seems less Kafka than Jorge Luis Borges. He writes dazzling mini-essays on schizophrenia, stoicism, and the role of the artist in relation to society as if his own definition of an artist's job were, in William Gass's memorable phrase, "to canonize confusion."

Unpredictably clever, obscurely erudite, obstinately elusive about answering his own questions, Sloan could be the Comrade V. of novelists: the tale-bearer as dehumanized intellect. But he is not—quite. As in his first novel, *War Games*, brilliance is redeemed by anguish—evidence that Sloan's passion is not for the labyrinth but for the people trapped in it. And to potential subway-syndrome readers, this makes all the difference.

■ Melvin Maddocks

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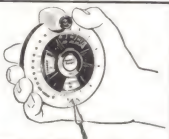
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MODERN LIVING

Bearing the Blame

Mass auto recalls have become as familiar an American ritual as the Sunday outing. Last December, for example, Chevrolet whistled back 6.7 million automobiles to treat motor-mount problems. Last week it was Ford Motor Co.'s turn. Ford announced that it was recalling 423,000 '72 Torinos and Montegos—the entire production of those two lines—to correct a rear axle defect. Unusual wearing of the bearings in the rear axle assembly, Ford explained, could cause the axle to separate or disengage from the wheel, or to jam, bringing the car to an abrupt halt. Thus far, 16 such failures have occurred, causing one injury. Ford, still uncertain about the cause of the trouble, does not plan to replace the bearing unit. Instead, dealers will install a clamp on the axle both to alert and protect the driver; the clamp will increase the screeching noise that occurs when unusual wear begins and will hold everything together for at least 100 miles.

Fortress California

Sir Edward Coke, the keenest legal mind of the 16th century, first laid down the principle that a man's home is "his castle and fortress, his defense against injury and violence." Sir Edward was speaking figuratively, of course, but now it appears that many Americans are taking him literally. The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, taking note of the rapid rise in urban crime, not long ago made a grim prediction: "high-rise apartment buildings and residential compounds protected by private guards

and security devices will be fortified cells for upper-middle and high-income populations." The fortifications are already appearing across the land, most notably in California (where burglaries have increased by 149% in the past decade) and particularly in the southern part of the state, where Los Angeles County suffers the nation's highest suburban crime rate.

By the latest count, there are at least three dozen walled "total security" communities in the desert, beach and woodland areas of Southern California, and more are on the drawing boards. "Until about five years ago," says Los Angeles County Deputy Planning Director Frederick Barlow, "most subdividers wanted the county to maintain their streets. Now a majority of the subdivisions we are approving have private streets" (which entitles the communities to block off the streets with gates and guards).

Typical of the walled communities is a 200-house complex called The Shores in Laguna Niguel, north of San Diego, where many of the armed guards at the gatehouses are ex-Marine combat veterans of the Viet Nam War. "More than likely, the presence of a guard cuts out a lot of crime," understates John Rogers, a burly guard. Nearby Rossmore Leisure World, in Laguna Hills, is a retirement community surrounded by six-foot-high pink walls and guarded by a security force of 170 unarmed resident patrolmen led by four armed professionals. They man the community's eight carefully guarded gates and patrol its streets round the clock in radio cars.

Some of the newer walled communities are installing remarkably sophisticated security systems. The Mission

Hills condominium in the desert near Palm Springs is being rigged with electronic Westinghouse units that monitor for fires, burglaries or equipment failures. Signals are fed to a local computer center that alerts firemen, police or maintenance men and, in addition, activates a net of ultrasensitive microphones installed inside each house, allowing a dispatcher to listen in while help is on the way. Residents are enthusiastic. "I feel so good when I know that I'm entering a house that is untouched," says a Mission Hills housewife.

Crocodile Story. Another guarded community, 125-home Westlake Island, north of Los Angeles, is reachable only by bridge. A guard inspects visitors at the entrance to the bridge, checks with the resident to be sure that company is expected, and only then allows the guest to drive across the moat. As a result, the island is crime-free. "The biggest problem we have," says one guard, "is keeping sightseers off the island and breaking up teen-age parties that get out of hand." Each homeowner on the island pays an annual \$220 assessment (nondeductible) covering the cost of the guards and general upkeep, but Islander Walter Smith, robbed twice in his previous flat, thinks the price is a bargain. "I always used to keep a loaded gun by the bed in our Beverly Hills apartment," he says, "but now I don't give it a thought." Rumors about the surrounding waters may contribute to the islanders' sense of security. "Some people claim there are crocodiles in there," jokes Airline Pilot Richard Neet. "The water is better than a wall," says his wife, Ellie. "I don't feel claustrophobic here."

Water does not always guarantee security. Even Westlake Island could learn something from an exclusive, 21-home development in Florida's Hobe Sound, which uses the Westinghouse system with an added touch: because the community is built along a network of canals, a closed-circuit television system monitors the waterways to keep amphibious thieves away.

New Kick in Brazil

Facing each other in the circle are two Brazilians. Purple Shirt No. 5 and Breaker-of-Iron, both rhythmically undulating while a *berimbau* quavers. Suddenly, Purple Shirt drops on his hands and kicks one foot out in the *beneau*, aiming at Breaker's ribs. Breaker fades into a *negativa*, slumping smoothly backward onto one hand and one foot as the blow whistles harmlessly past, then lashes out in the hammer, his foot aimed at Purple Shirt's groin. What does Purple Shirt do? Why, he cartwheels away, smiling, and then both resume the *ginga* as the tambourines jingle, gourds rattle, and the one-stringed *berimbau* twangs along.

At about this point, any non-Brazilian begins to wonder what in the world is going on. The answer: *capoeira*



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CAPOEIRISTAS GYRATE AT STATE RECEPTION IN RIO DE JANEIRO

Kicks, straight jabs and flying dropkicks.

(pronounced cap-oh-way-rah), a combination of folk dancing and self-defense that has become a national craze. Along the beaches, in parks and at festivals all over Brazil, enthusiasts leap, fade, swing and sing in the country's first truly national folk manifestation. *Capoeira* pervades nearly every aspect of Brazilian life, from pop songs and poetry to sport and even formal receptions for state visitors. It resembles a super-athletic ballet, its deadly blows precisely calculated to miss by inches, and its movements matching the raga-like thrum of the *berimbau*.

Contagious. Originated about three centuries ago by escaped slaves hiding in the scrublands around the coastal city of Salvador, it was designed as a form of self-defense: the slaves used it with devastating effect against owners and police trying to recapture them. When *capoeira* was outlawed by alarmed authorities, Brazilians set it to music and turned it into a kind of ritual dance; that way, if they were seen practicing *capoeira*, they could say that they were merely dancing. It was finally legalized in 1937, and in the past few years has gained broad popularity—as a folk art rather than as a self-defense tactic. “It has everything,” says an enthusiast. “It is a beautiful dance, the music is contagious, it is spectacular exercise, it is airtight self-defense, and it is poetry.”

Capoeira reverses usual dancing and fighting patterns: a *capoeirista* spends much of the time on his hands while his legs slash through the air in roundhouse kicks (*patentes*) or straight jabs (*pisadas*). Tripping is a favorite tactic; so is the flying dropkick (*voe de morcego*) that *norte-americano* wrestlers love. Cartwheels are often used. One of the deadliest blows is the *cabe-*

cada, a flying head butt to the solar plexus that, if properly delivered, can be fatal.

Leader of *capoeira's* transformation into respectability is Manoel Does Reis Machado, now 71, who is called *Mestre* (Master) Bimba by his devotees. A renowned Salvador rowdy as a youth, Bimba took up *capoeira* seriously in his late teens and after several prison terms opened an academy to propagate it. In the mid-'30s, after he whipped three rivals on the same afternoon, his reputation began to spread.

Today Bimba runs the most popular academy in Salvador. Most of his students are enrolled at local high schools and universities. There are also doctors, engineers and lawyers among his clients and two former state governors among his alumni. The average student attends classes for six to eight months, progressing up the proficiency hierarchy from blue neckerchief on to red, yellow and white. All students are given a *capoeira* name by the master: Fer-de-Lance and Strong-as-a-Rock are two examples.

National Sport. Salvador, where it all started, has 36 *capoeira* centers. Rio and São Paulo have around 30 each, and there are several in state capitals like Recife and Belo Horizonte. “It’s a national sport already,” says Folklore Authority Waldeloir Rego. “Everyone knows the steps.”

To Frank Hatch, an American dancer now studying *capoeira* in Salvador, the growth of the folk art is only natural. “Brazilians are very proud of their mental quickness,” he says. “They like to live by their wits; *capoeira* is not a sport of brute force but rather of outwitting the other fellow.” Agrees Bimba: “*Capoeira* is something truly Brazilian—it’s our own blend.”

MILESTONES

Divorced. F. (for Francis) Lee Bailey, 38, flamboyant criminal lawyer whose clients have included Albert (“the Boston Strangler”) DeSalvo, Dr. Sam Sheppard and Captain Ernest Medina; and Froma Victoria Bailey; on grounds of incompatibility (“He was too busy with his work”); after nine years of marriage, one child; in Santo Domingo.

Died. Pierre Lazareff, 65, publisher and director of *France-Soir*, Paris’ largest newspaper; of cancer; in Paris. Lazareff escaped to the U.S. during the Nazi occupation and worked for the Office of War Information. In 1945 he returned to Paris and led the postwar growth of both *France-Soir* and *Elle*, the women’s fashion magazine. Though Lazareff’s outspoken support of Charles de Gaulle resulted in the bombing of his home and newspaper offices during the Algerian crisis, his aggressive management of *France-Soir* earned him the title “Napoleon of journalists”—and a daily circulation of 1,000,000.

Died. Louis Perini, 68, baseball club owner who initiated the first major-league franchise shift in 50 years by moving his Boston Braves to Milwaukee in 1953; in West Palm Beach, Fla. A construction and real estate executive who became a Braves owner in 1943, Perini gave a sense of insecurity to sports fans everywhere when he led his money-losing team from their home of 77 years to pastures he hoped would be more profitable. (They were not.) Boston papers dubbed him the “Benedict Arnold of Baseball,” but his strategy was subsequently emulated by financially pressed teams in both leagues.

Died. Yasunari Kawabata, 72, patriarch of Japanese letters; by suicide; in Zushi, Japan. Orphaned at the age of three, Kawabata explored loneliness and human sensitivity in such novels as *Thousand Cranes*, *Snow Country* and *Sleeping Beauties*. “The sentiments of an orphan,” he once said, “run deep in all my works.” Though a student of both modern Western literature and ancient Asian works, he chose to practice the classic Japanese literary style in which sentences are spare, images vague, and ideas suggested rather than baldly stated. In 1968 he became the only Japanese to win the Nobel Prize for literature; the citation mentioned his mastery in revealing “the essence of the Japanese mind.” He left no suicide note, but years ago he offered a possible explanation: “A silent death is an endless word.”

Died. Otto Grieling, 75, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey clown whose sad, sagging face and fumbling impudence have been widely copied circus fixtures for the past 50 years; of a stroke; in New York City.

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